Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

VOL. XXXI. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1863. NO. 50.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, } Editors.
GEO. E. BRACKETT, }

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

Cutting Fodder for Stock.

A correspondent writes as follows: "I see that you recommend the Straw Cutter manufactured by Mr. Perry of Gardiner, which is well enough, as I have no doubt of its being an excellent implement, but do you really recommend the cutting of fodder indiscriminately for stock? Isn't it as well to let them eat their own fodder?"

In answer to this, we beg leave to say, that we do not recommend the cutting of fodder "indiscriminately," that is, we would not cut all fodder. If our hay was all bright and clean, that is, having no mixture of any coarse herbage, or other kinds of forage, and cattle, from the yearling to the old cow would eat it all up clean, we would not cut any of it. But we cannot all of us boast of such excellent fodder as that. There will be more or less of rough fodder collected on every farm—fodder, all of which may be made up of nutritive material, but some of it difficult to masticate, unless rendered shorter and finer by mechanical means, and for such fodder, a cutter is useful, and the use of it an economy in barn operations. Hence we would not be without a good cutter. In giving meal to horses and cattle, we think it a good mode to mix it with cut feed. It is more likely to be fully masticated and mixed with the saliva, and does not form a concentrated mass in the stomach, and is therefore more readily digested.

Some ten or more years ago, a series of experiments were instituted by the Worcester County Agricultural Society, to test the value of cutting fodder for stock. The results were not as satisfactory as desirable, because of a lack of uniformity in the experiments tried. Hon. H. F. French, in discussing the results of these experiments, drew the following conclusions:

1st. Working cattle and horses thrive better on cut fodder, because they eat it in less time, and have more time to rest.

2d. Old animals, whose grinders are few, can eat chopped food more readily.

3d. Chopped hay can be easily *measured* and the animals receive a more *regular allowance* than when fed with long hay.

4th. No hay will *be wasted by over feeding.*

Lastly, and most important of all, if we have cornstalks, butts, fresh (bog) hay, or coarse clover, which cattle will never eat up entirely, such fodder may be passed through the cutter and they will eat it up readily.

No good farmer, he adds, will be long without a hay-cutter; whether it may be worth his while to chop hay or not, may be doubtful, but he will every year find occasions for its use for one or more reasons already suggested.

Kennebec Messenger, and Witherell Horse.

A correspondent asks us to inform him in what year the Kennebec or Winthrop Messenger was brought into the State, and also if the Witherell horse was a son of the Messenger?

The old Messenger, sometimes called the Kennebec Messenger, and sometimes Winthrop Messenger, was brought into the town of Winthrop, from Paris, Oneida county, N. Y., by Alvin Hayward, Esq., in 1816.

He (the Messenger) was probably a grandson of the imported Messenger, a large and powerful horse brought from England to Long Island, several years before the above period. A history of the Winthrop Messenger more in detail, can be found in the Transactions of the Maine Agricultural Societies for 1855. As to the sire of the Witherell horse, we believe that was settled by one of the correspondents of the *Farmer* in the following communication, published last winter:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In reply to inquiries in the *Maine Farmer*, I will state to you the facts in reference to the origin and pedigree of the Witherell horse, as related to me by Mr. Witherell.

Mr. Witherell said he had two sorrel mares, one he called the old, the other the young mare, which he wished to have served by old Winthrop Messenger. He accordingly took them to Winthrop for that purpose, supposing Messenger to be kept at that place. There he learned that he was kept at Anson, and arriving there just at night, he stopped over night at the house of a friend, about half a mile from where Messenger was kept. In the morning he went in and had the young mare served by Messenger, at that time and in his presence, and taken home by himself that day, and never after taken to that or any other horse until after the Witherell colt was foaled.

He was pleased with the appearance of the colt—thought he would make a valuable horse, and when a few weeks old, he was offered $50 for him. He then decided to keep him for a stallion, and had him well broke to the harness, and the fore wheels of a wagon before he was six months old.

After his horse became fit for service, the owners of other horses started the story that he was a Dolphin, which was done, as Mr. Witherell supposed, to injure the reputation of his horse. To silence this Mr. Witherell obtained a paper which I have seen. It was signed by a Mr. Savage, and four other gentlemen, certifying their knowledge of the fact that Mr. Witherell's horse was a Messenger by old Messenger. The old mare he left to be served by Messenger, was probably served by Dolphin. Mr. Henry Hooper, a shoemaker, at that time a resident of Anson, said he knew the Witherell horse to be a Dolphin, for he was present at the time Mr. Witherell's mare got in foal by Dolphin, but from his description of the mare, and of her age, &c., it undoubtedly was the *old* and not the *young* mare that was served by Dolphin.

The fact that the "Witherell" was sorrel proves nothing. Mr. Witherell told me that he had raised one other sorrel colt by old Messenger. He had at the time he owned the Witherell horse another sorrel colt, a stallion, that he said was by the Simpson horse, a large white horse by old Messenger.

Cement for Stopping Leaks.

A good and cheap preparation for stopping leaks around chimneys, in roofs, in wooden cave, troughs where the water is not used, and for filling up all kinds of breaks and cracks which are exposed to the weather, may be made by mixing lime with coal tar until it is like putty. Apply it with a large knife, and fill up the chinks where Jack Frost will be getting into the buildings.

AROOSTOOK COMMODITIES. As a sample of the articles in which our northern Maine friends speculate, we see that an enterprising dealer advertises for a half a ton of spruce gum, and fifty bushels of beech nuts.

Seaside Farming.

Very little is said in our Agricultural periodicals, or in standard works upon farming, of the practical operations of those farmers who cultivate lands contiguous to the sea coast; yet it must be admitted there is a wide difference between the interior and the seaboard operations of practical farmers, hence more should be written and published upon the latter part of our farm management, or having special reference to the farms by the seaside. We have become convinced—from personal observation—of one fact, viz: That the agriculture of our coast farms is in a very low and backward condition; and we are also somewhat surprised that no more has been done, or is now being done for its advancement in these situations. In consulting forty or fifty standard works on practical agriculture, we find comparatively nothing upon seaside farming, and what is found, is in foreign works and related to another country.

Our State has a sea coast of over two hundred miles, abounding in coves, islands, capes, &c., consequently many million acres of land must be washed by salt water or lie in close proximity to it. The character of the soil in our seaboard towns we believe to be favorable to the growth of most agricultural productions. The facilities for transporting the productions to market are superior to those in inland towns, because cheaper; and the means of obtaining fertilizing material in any amount are such as do not exist upon farms remote from the seacoast. And notwithstanding these advantages the agriculture of the seaboard is in a most backward state; farms are unproductive and neglected, and the general appearance of the buildings, fences, and farm surroundings—with some exceptions—is such as to convey the impression that farming "don't pay." Why is this? The answer is easily given. It is because commercial pursuits—especially fishing—offer a more remunerative return for capital and labor than farming. This is true of other pursuits in other localities. In traveling over some portions of the State we find large districts where most of those who reside therein obtain their livelihood by some mechanical or other occupation; and it is invariably the case that the farms look uninviting and poor, notwithstanding the land and other natural advantages for the successful culture of the soil, are all that could be desired. So of seaside lands where the occupants are engaged in fishing. Yet we believe the lands upon our seaboard if rightly managed, would yield good returns; and we further believe that if a person possessing ordinary intelligence, industry and energy, should go on to such a farm, and attend to its cultivation in the most approved manner, making use of all the means at his command for enriching and improving it, and attending wholly to the business of his farm, he would succeed as well as farmers in the interior of the State, and in the end gain as much wealth as his neighbor fisherman.

During a recent tour through the coast towns in Lincoln County, we had an opportunity of becoming somewhat acquainted with a few of the prominent farmers, and of examining into the systems of agriculture pursued in many of the towns. The great agricultural production is hay, immense quantities of which are pressed and shipped to home and foreign ports. It commands a high price at all seasons of the year, hence most of the farmers keep a large portion of their farms in grass for the purpose of obtaining the hay for market. By this plan, but little hay is consumed upon the farms, and consequently but little manure made; and none need be made if farmers would but use the manure which Nature has furnished them in abundance, in the form of seaweed, muscle bed, fish offal, &c. &c., and which can be had for the carting. Yet strange to say these fertilizers are but little used, and the farms are every year diminishing, not only in actual cash value, but in their ability to produce even a light yield of grass. Upon farms top-dressed in autumn, for a few years, with ocean fertilizers, the yield has been surprisingly increased. We saw an instance of this upon the grounds of Hon. R. H. Tucker, Jr., of Wiscasset, where the yield of hay had been increased from almost nothing to nearly two tons per acre. Yet in the face of this, farmers suffer their lands to become exhausted and allow the wealth of the ocean in its treasures of fertilizing matter, to remain unused. Thus are the choicest gifts which lie at their own doors overlooked and unimproved.

Most seacoast towns, especially the islands and points of land extending into the sea, are admirably adapted to sheep-keeping; and it is a wonder that some enterprising capitalist has not before this made an attempt of stocking the large islands with sheep. We believe, however, it has been done in one or two instances, and would like to see the results of such trials. Maine should keep a million more sheep than she has at present, and the islands and coast towns should find a home for more than half this number. The *islands* are especially well fitted for this branch of farming. Upon many of them the sheep need no winter protection other than is afforded by the dense growth of evergreen shrubs on the shores of the islands (this statement is made upon good authority) no fences are required, they will need but little extra feed in winter, as they can graze most of the season, and they are away from the depredations of dogs,—a great drawback to sheep-husbandry in the interior of the State. Yet, for all this, there are comparatively but few sheep in Lincoln County—so far as our observation and inquiries extended—and these are of an inferior kind. There are no fine wooled sheep, and but a small number of grades. Again the advantages offered the seaside farmer in the way of fertilizers are unsurpassed. These have already been alluded to. Mr. A. Johnson, of Wiscasset, has manufactured a manure from sea-weed, in a portable form, to a small extent. The weed is dried, finely pulverized, then thoroughly dried and barrelled. Its results, wherever it has been used, are most satisfactory. Other gentlemen are engaged in manufacturing portable manures from fish and fish offal, and find a ready sale for all that can be made. The process of its manufacture has been described in our columns, and it has been used in various parts of the State to great benefit. Its manufacture and use are both in their infancy, and will hereafter become of great importance to the people of the State.

The improvement of salt marshes, sheep-keeping on the islands, the best rotation adapted to seaside farms, the manufacture and use of ocean fertilizers, the application of sea-weed as a top-dressing and as an application to hoed crops, &c. &c., are some of the topics we would like to have discussed by the correspondents of the *Farmer*, for the interest and benefit of our seaside readers.

B.

Communications.

Lincoln County Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

The following are the premiums and gratuities awarded by the several committees at the late Fair holden at Wiscasset, Oct. 14th, 15th and 16th, 1863.

TOWN TEAMS. To Newcastle, 11 yokes, entered by Joseph Cargill, $8; Wiscasset, 8 yokes, entered by Warren Lowell, $5. Josiah Bruce, Chairman.

BULLS. To. E. E. Houdlette, Dresden, two-year-old Jersey, $4; H P Cotton, Nobleboro', two-year-old Devon, $2; I H Bailey, Alna, one-year-old Devon, $3; Abial Groves, Wiscasset, two-year-old Durham and Devon, $3; Wm Kenniston, Boothbay, Native, $2; D P Haggett, Edgecomb, yearling, gratuity, copy Ag'l Report; Wm. Hodge, Edgecomb, calf, copy Ag'l Report. B S Cate, Chairman.

WORKING OXEN. To Nathan McKenney, Wiscasset, best working oxen, $4; J. Dickinson, Wiscasset, 2d best, $3; Abiel Walker, Edgecomb, 3d best, $2; D G Stinson, Wiscasset, a gratuity—copy Agricultural Report. Wm. Hopkins, Chairman.

COWS AND HEIFERS. To Wm. Kenniston, Boothbay, best dairy cow, $3; Royal Wright, Newcastle, 2d best, 2; Wm. Hodge, Edgecomb, stock cow, $2; Jotham Bailey, Wiscasset, 2-years-old heifer, $2.50; Royal Wright, Newcastle, calf, gratuity, 75c.; Jas. Taylor, Wiscasset, Jersey heifer calf, $1. Wm. Carlisle, Chairman.

STEERS. To Dan'l Baker, Wiscasset, best yoke 2-years-old steers, $2; Wm Kenniston, Boothbay, 2d best, $1.50; E G Peasley, Whitefield, 3d best, 1; Willard Palmer, Whitefield, best yoke 3-years-old steers, $3; Freeman Palmer, Whitefield, 2d best, $2; Hartley Erskine, Newcastle, 3d best, 1; John Smith, Jr., Wiscasset, gratuity, copy Ag'l Report; H P Cotton, Nobleboro', gratuity, Ag'l Report; Jas Walker, Alna, best yearling steers, $1 50. Wilbert Partridge, Chairman.

STOCK OF BEEF. To Elias B. Lowell, Wiscasset, $4; William Kenniston, Boothbay, $2. William M. Clark, Chairman.

PLOWING WITH OXEN. To Eben Choate, 2d, Whitefield, $2; Jesse Bailey, Wiscasset, 2d do, 1; Willard Palmer, Whitefield, gratuity, copy Ag'l Report. Thos. Simmons, Chairman.

DRAWING AND TRAINING. To E G Baker, Newcastle, $3; Jotham Avery, Alna, 2d do, 2; James Rines, Wiscasset, gratuity, 2; D G Stinson, Wiscasset, gratuity, 1.50. Daniel Hopkins, Chairman.

SHEEP, SWINE AND POULTRY. To Jeremiah Erskins, Alna, best buck, $2; Wm Taylor, Wiscasset, 2d do, 1; Collins Carleton, Alna, best six sheep, 3; Wm Taylor, Wiscasset, 2d do, 1.50; I G Williamson, Wiscasset, best boar, 3; Wm Hodge, Edgecomb, 2d do, 2; Wm H Allen, Wiscasset, sow, gratuity Ag'l Report; James Rines, Wiscasset, do, do; E E Houdlett, Dresden, seven Leicester pigs, 2; James Rines, Wiscasset, nine do, 1; E E Houdlett, Dresden, five Chester pigs, copy Ag'l Report; I G Dickinson, Wiscasset, best ten geese, 1; Warren Lowell, Wiscasset, best six ducks, 50c; Wm Hodge, Edgecomb, Bolton grey hens, 50c; Warren Merrill, Nobleboro', ducks, copy Ag'l Report; Wm Taylor, Wiscasset, six turkeys, do. Henry Peaslee, Chairman.

HORSES. To Thos Call, Wiscasset, best entire horse, $4; Sam'l Kennedy, Whitefield, best breeding mare, 4; Warren Merrill, Nobleboro', 2d do, 3; R H Tucker, Wiscasset, 3d do, 2; Jefferson Trask, Jefferson, best family horse, 3; J Chapman, Damariscotta, 2d do, 2; Ambrose Glidden, Whitefield, 3d do, 1; E Hubbard, Wiscasset, best three-year-old colt, 3; Wm W Ames, Newcastle, 2d do, 2; Joshua Frye, Damariscotta, 3d do, 1; J Sleeman Edgecomb, best two-year-old colt, 3; E G Baker, Newcastle, 2d do, 2; R K Sewall, Wiscasset, 3d do, 1; R H Tucker, Wiscasset, best one-year-old colt, 2; Warren Merrill, Nobleboro', 2d do, 1.50; Thos Call, Wiscasset, best yearling, 1.50; Samuel Kennedy, Whitefield, 2d do, 1. John Babson, Chairman.

TROTTING AND WALKING HORSES. To Amos Seavey, Wiscasset, best trotting horse, time—1.38 half mile course, $5; Richard D Blinn, Wiscasset, 2d do, time—1.49, 4; T J Trask, Jefferson, best walking horse, 4; R D Blinn, Wiscasset, 2d do, 2; Amos Seavey, 3d do, 1. J. E. Smith, Chairman.

CARRIAGES AND HARNESSES. To Wingate Simmons & Co., Union, best buggy, $1.25; Alden Fiye, Damariscotta, best wagon, 1.25; Silas Dickinson, Wiscasset, best harness, 1.50; same on riding saddle and bridle, 1. A. G. Turner, Chairman.

ROOT CULTURE AND GARDEN PRODUCE. To J M Knight, Wiscasset, best beets, $1.50; E G Peasley, Alna, 2d do, 1; D P Haggett, Newcastle, best mangold wurtzels, 1; D G Stinson, Wiscasset, best ruta baga turnips, 1.50; Wm Taylor, Wiscasset, 2d do, 75c; Jas Rines, Wiscasset, gratuity, 50c; Boyd Hubbard, Wiscasset, gratuity, 25c; Wm Blunt, Wiscasset, best onions, 1; E R Kaler, Waldoboro', 2d do, gratuity, 75c; D G Stinson, Wiscasset, best carrots, 75c; Wm Kenniston, Boothbay, best potatoes, Peons, 2; E G Peasley, Alna, 2d do, Snowball, 1.50; E R Kaler, Waldoboro', eight varieties potatoes, 2; D G Stinson, Wiscasset, three varieties do, 1; James Rines, Wiscasset, two varieties do, 50c; H P Cotton, Nobleboro', greatest variety garden produce, 3; E R Kaler, Waldoboro', 2d, 2; J M Knight Wiscasset, 3d do, 1; Wm Taylor, Wiscasset, best six pumpkins, 50c; J M Knight, 2d do, 25c; James Taylor, samples, gratuity, 25c; E R Kaler, Waldoboro', best six cabbages, 1; W Lowell, Wiscasset, 2d do, 50c; J M Knight, Wiscasset, 3d do, gratuity Ag'l Report; R K Sewall, Wiscasset, best squash, 1; Wm Taylor, 2d do, 75c; E G Peasley, Alna, 3d do, 50c; J J Kennedy, Wiscasset, samples pure Hubbard squash, 75c; J Damon, Wiscasset, do do, 50c; R D Blinn, Wiscasset, do do, 25c; James Taylor, Wiscasset, samples bell peppers, 50c; Thos Simmons, Waldoboro', samples tomatoes, 25c. E. Choate, 2d, Chairman.

DAIRY PRODUCTS. To E G Peasley, Alna, best butter, $3; Wm Hodge, Edgecomb, 2d do, 2; T J Simmons, Waldoboro', 3d do, 1; D G Stinson, Wiscasset, 4th do, 75c; Eliza J Broach, Wiscasset, gratuity, 50c; Miss Susan Rines, Wiscasset, gratuity, 75c. A. L. Bassett, Chairman.

FIELD CROPS. To William Kenniston, Boothbay, best corn, $4; James Grover, Wiscasset, 2d do, 3; William Taylor, Wiscasset, 3d do, 2 50; Albert Walker, Edgecomb, 4th do, 2; James Rines, Wiscasset, gratuity, 1.50; James Dickinson, Wiscasset, gratuity, 2; Boyd Hubbard, Wiscasset, gratuity, 50c; Wm Hodge, Edgecomb, gratuity, 50c; Henry R Myers, Bristol, best barley, 1.50; D G Stinson, Wiscasset, 2d do, 1; D P Haggett, Newcastle, gratuity, 75c; Henry R Myers, Bristol, best oats, 1; D H Dunton, Whitefield, best beans, 1.50; J M Knights, Wiscasset, 2d do, 1; D P Haggett, Newcastle, best herdsgrass seed, 2; Sam'l Kennedy, Whitefield, 2d do, 1.50. James Taylor, Chairman.

FRUIT. Moses Call, thirty-three varieties pears, $2; Thos Herbert, twelve do, 1; Thos Simmons, four do, 50c; Geo Tukey, sample do, 50c; J G Huston, do do' gratuity, copy Ag'l Report; Thos Simmons, thirty-one varieties apples, 2; S P Baker, 2d greatest variety do, 1 50; Wm Lowell, 3d do, 1; James Taylor, twelve varieties, gratuity, 1.50; S P Baker, best winter apples, Baldwins, 50c; Thos Simmons, 2d do do, 1; D G Stinson, 3d do do, 75c; James Taylor, one bushel each Baldwins and Greenings, 2; Thos Simmons, best fall apples, Gravenstein, 1.50; same 2d do, Jewett's Red, 1; Joshua Damon, best dish of apples, gratuity 25c; Joshua Young, one dish of apples, gratuity, Ag'l Report; D Carr, three dishes do, do do; J C Harriman, one dish do, do do; Mrs Wm Stacy, one dish do, do 50c; Thos. Simmons, one bu. Greenings, 1; same, best dish plums, purple damsons, 50c; Thos Herbert, best foreign grapes, black Hamburg, 2; J G Huston, 2d do, 1; Thos Herbert, do do, 75c; same, greatest variety grapes, 1.50; Wm Taylor, best native, Concord, 1 50; Sullivan Wright, 2d do, Isabella, 1; R D Blinn, 3d do, do, 75c; L Putnam, samples of grapes, gratuity, copy Ag'l Report; Geo Scott, do, do do; Jeremiah Erskine, do, do do. H. P. Cotton, Chairman.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. To John Smith, Jr, Chase's improved plow, No. 6, 2.50; Collins Carleton, cultivator, gratuity, 1.

NATIVE WINES, &c. Thos Simmons, largest and best collection of native wines, 3; same, one bottle rhubarb wine, gratuity, 75c; same one do strawberry do, do, 50c; same, one do raspberry do, do, 50c; same, one do tomato do, do 50c; Miss Emma Cunningham, one do rhubarb do, do 50c; Miss Frank Bowman, one do rhubarb do, do 50c; Silas W Robinson, best currant do, do 75; Gustavus Rundlett, 2d do. 75c; Miss Mary Haney, one loaf white bread, 1; Miss Mary Ann Swett, fruit cake, 1; same, two meat pies, 50c. Edwin Rose, Chairman.

FLOWERS. To Mrs. Joseph Seavey, best cut flowers, $1; Mrs R H Tucker, gratuity, do do, 50c; Mrs Hill, do do, 25c. Mrs. Henry Ingalls for Committee.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES. To Mrs John Smith, best all wool cloth, $1.50; Mrs S C Jackson, silk quilt, 1; Mrs R K Sewall, patch-work quilt, 50c; Mrs John Smith, do., 75c; Mrs J N Calasksy, Mrs R K Sewall, Mrs Royal Hubbard, Mrs J C Harriman, Mrs Alden Bailey, patch-work quilts, each 25c; Mrs R K Sewall, cradle, 25c; Mrs D Baker, yarn rug, $1; Mrs J J Kennedy, rag rug, $1; Mrs Henry Fullsome, do, 75c; Mrs D Baker, do, 50c; Mrs A S Walker, Mrs Boyd Hubbard, Mrs Sam'l Kennedy, Mrs A Wood, rag rugs, each, 25c; Mrs R K Sewall, embroidered chair, $1; Mrs J M Knights, do, 75c; Miss Inez Buxton, ottoman, $1; Mrs J Seavey, Mrs V K Kennedy, Mrs Nancy J Merrill, ottomans, each, 75c; Miss Hattie Ladd, table mat, &c., 50c; Miss H McKenney, two watch-cases, 25c; Emily Dodge, pin-cushion, 50c; Mary A Swett, worsted cloak, $1; Miss C N Scott, pin-cushion, 25c; Caroline Rose, Mexican embroidery, and worsted tufted work, each, 75c; Miss E D Boyd, worsted tufted work, 50c; Mrs S C Jackson, fine needle work, 25c; Mrs R K Sewall, embroidered blanket, 50c; Mrs A J Call, flannel embroidery, 75c; Miss Lydia McLaine, flannel embroidery, 75c; Miss Hannah Kennedy, embroidered skirt, 50c; Miss M C Boyd, embroidered dress, 50c; Miss C Young, two tatting collars, 50c; Mrs R K Sewall, four cotton tidies, 50c; Mrs J Seavey, crotchet tidy, 25c; Miss Buxton, ottoman cover, 1$; Callie Kennedy, white yarn, 25c; Mrs B Hubbard, pair ladies' hose, 25c; Mrs P Lenox, knit counterpane, $1; Mrs S N Dodge, carriage robe, 75c; Mrs A Tabor, patch-work chair, $1; Mrs S C Jackson, worsted work, 50c; Miss M Thurrell, slippers and quilt, 50c; Miss L Blagdon, worsted work, 25c; Miss H A Robinson, do, 25c; Mrs — Wheeler, do, 50c; Mrs G Scott, do $1; Miss E Bathorn, do, 50c; Maria Neal, do, 75c; Miss F Bowman, do, 25c; Miss E Cunningham, do, 25c; Mrs O Rundlett, wrought slippers, 25c; Mrs Abiel Wood, work-basket, 75c; Miss C P Baker, embroidered skirt, 50c; Emma and Eva Clapp, do, 50c; Mary A Taylor, worsted shawl, 75c; Lydia McLaine, worsted chair, 75c; also worsted slippers, 25c; Mary Lewis, quilt, 50c. Wm Lowell, Chairman.

MISCELLANEOUS. To Moses Greenough, tobacco and cigars, gratuity, $1.50; E R Kaler, honey, do 75c; Mrs Boyd Hubbard, specimens shell work, 25c; Mrs J H Converse, moss and shell work, 1; Miss Mary Lambert, cone work, 50c; Miss Lydia McLain, do, 75c; Miss Carrie E Plummer, do, 1; Miss Olive Rose. do, 1; Mrs Ellen Hobson, do 50c; Mrs Greenwood, miniature furniture, 1; same, embroidery stamps, 50c; Mrs Joseph Seavey, leather work, 50c; Edgar McClintock, frame, imitation of carved work, 75c; Miss Annette Hubbard, crayon drawing, 75c; Mrs Joseph Tucker, do, 1; Mrs S Meservey, do, 50; Miss Hellen Nute, (blind girl) bead work, 1.50; Miss Mary C Boyd, cone frame, 1; Miss Lizzie Kennedy, cone work, 25c; Miss Sarah Harraden, case of Bonnets, 1.50; Joseph Wood, map of the world, pen and ink sketch, 50c. R. K. Sewall, Chairman.

For the Maine Farmer.

Planting Nurseries.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It is an old saying that in any business we undertake we must begin right, if we wish to come out right. It is so in raising an apple orchard. When our farmers purchased trees from New York, and other States, and set them on their rocky hills and clayey loam, they thought they were beginning right; but time has proved the contrary. Such straight, thrifty dark green trees can flourish only in the same climate, on the same soil, and in their own places, for they are tender, being forced by mineral manure to an unnatural growth.

In the early settlement of this country, there was nothing difficult in raising an orchard, for then the soil was filled with vegetable manure which had been accumulating from the forest for centuries, and in it were found the elements to support the apple, as well as the forest trees; but now the vegetable is mostly worked out by cropping and should again be added.

Before raising a nursery, the land should be thoroughly mixed with the vegetable mould from the forest, and the pomace sowed in drills. There is no need of separating the seed from the pomace, for there is nothing comes from the tree that will injure the "pips" under the tree, but rather gives support, for it is the nature of everything while young to be fed by its own mother.

It has been the practice of nurserymen not only to force their trees with animal manure, but to form regular tops four or five feet high by trimming off lower limbs, and by this means they have furnished straight, thrifty, but worthless trees, for long experience has shown that trimming off the limbs to make a high top, has been the principal cause of all the sprouts or suckers, which may be seen in every orchard springing from the trees near the roots, which not only sap the main tree, but take much time yearly to keep them down.

Trees of all kinds grow tall in the forest, for there each one must show the same disposition of everything else in this world, to rise above its neighbor, and the same time protect and feed each other by adding its own leaves every fall, and at last its own body, to the great supply of vegetable matter, that never dies, but changes to life, and from life to what we call death, without ever being annihilated. While this great change is going on in the forest, the trees in open land are clothed with power to protect themselves by growing low, with spreading tops, and short trunks, well shaded as they should be. Thus we see that nature is ever ready to feed, clothe, and protect, and the most we can do is to assist by adding to the soil what we have taken from it by cropping, and when this is done there will be less trouble in raising orchards.

It has been the opinion of farmers that trees as well as corn or squashes, need what they call strong manure, because they flourish for a season; but observation proves that not only trees, but everything else that grows feeds best upon that substance which will change or decay, in proportion to the time that the tree or anything else is in growing. Corn will feed best on manure that will grow putrid and decay rapidly, because its growth must be the same, while the forest pine that counts two hundred grains or more, will feed best upon its own species, which are sometimes more than two hundred years in changing.

So everything has a tendency to provide for itself and act out old nature, if it is left to take its own course; but for the sake of good apples we vary, and add a second nature to our trees by grafting. This makes them tender, therefore it should be done by putting scions in all the main limbs when the trees are well rooted in the orchard, for then they are old enough to bear it.

It is for the benefit of young trees in the nursery, to show a slow, hard growth. It is enough to keep the weeds down and mulch in the fall with fine vegetable manure, which will keep them in their places during the winter, and when they are three years old they should be taken from the nursery in the spring of the year, and pomace should be sown among the trees in the fall to keep the stock good. By this method a large number of hardy trees may be procured from a small nursery yearly, and when they are placed in the orchard they will bear high cultivation, come to bearing early, and show by their growth that they are well satisfied with the change.

CALVIN PITCHER, 2D.

Belfast, Nov. 1863.

For the Maine Farmer.

Gen. Cushman's Sheep.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You lately noticed in your paper the blood sheep of Gen. Gustavus G. Cushman of Bangor, and alluded to his recent sale of his Cotswold buck Napoleon for $75. Since that sale I have had the pleasure of an inspection of this gentleman's sheep, and of some of the progeny of Napoleon as well as Napoleon himself. The handsomest lot of sheep of any kind that I ever saw, were eleven ewe lambs of Napoleon bred out of native ewes by Mr. Peter Baker of Orrington, in whose pasture I saw them. They are large, heavy wooled, of almost faultless form, and docile; and almost every one of this little flock looks nearly alike.

Gen. Cushman has also four other Cotswold bucks bearing fine luster wool, and bred by Reed of Fredericton, N. B. I saw lambs sired by these several bucks, of exceeding excellence.

The General also has Leicester bucks—one bred in England, and one of American breeding. He has also high bred Southdown bucks and ewes. His Southdown buck "No. 16," was sired by Taylor's famous buck "World's Prize," exhibited by Webb, the celebrated English breeder, at the World's Fair at Paris, in 1855, and sold by him to Mr. Taylor, the enterprising and skillful breeder of New Jersey, for $2100, and afterward sold to go to California for $3000. "No. 16" is a fine animal, doubtless among the best bred Southdown bucks in America. The half-blood Southdowns sired by him are sheep of great excellence, and no one who desires the service of such an animal need to have any fear of the results of his employment.

Gen. Cushman has other stock of different breeds and crosses. He is possessed of an ardent taste for breeding blood stock, and has exhibited a good deal of enterprise in the matter for the benefit of the community, more than himself. He is doing much in his locality to disseminate the best improved breeds of sheep, and I may be allowed to express the hope that the sheep growers of his vicinity will not, to their own loss, neglect the opportunities for improving their flocks, which he has taken so much pains to bring to their doors. No one of a true taste can fail to derive much pleasure from an examination of this flock, embracing as it does, some of the best bred stock in the country, and very many fine specimens.

SHILOHMITE.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Ancient vs. Modern Farm Labor.

There was once a time, if we may believe a great many tender pastorals and madrigals such as Kit Marlowe sang, when there were milkmaids, and the sweetest of Overbury's "Characters" is his little sketch of the "faire damsel," who hath such fingers "that in milking a cow, it seemes that so sweet a milk-presse makes the milk the whiter or sweeter." But milkmaids now-a-days are mostly Connaught men, in cowhide boots and black satin waistcoats, who say "begorra," and beat the cows with the milking-stool.

Overbury says of the British type—"Her breath is her own, which sents all the yeare long" of proof spirits, like a new-made still.

Overbury tenderly says—"Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet."

And I, as pathetically—Thus fares he, and all his care is he may get his full wages, and a good jollification "nixt St. Parthrick's day."

This is only my way of introducing the labor question, which, in every aspect, is a serious one to a party entering upon the management of country property. If such party is anticipating the employment of one of Sir Thos. Overbury's milk-maydes, or of the pretty damsel who sang Marlowe's song to Izaak Walton, let him disabuse his mind. In place of it all, he will sniff boots that remind of a damp cattle yard, and listen to sharp brogue that will be a souvenir of Donnybrook Fair. In briefest possible terms, the inferior but necessary labor of a farm must be performed now, in the majority of cases, by the most inefficient of Americans, or by the rawest and most uncouth of Irish or Germans.

There lived some twenty or thirty years ago in New England, a race of men, American born, and who, having gone through a two winter's course of district school ciphering and reading, with cropped tow heads, became the most indefatigable and ingenious of farm workers. Their hoeing was a sleight of hand; they could make an ox yoke, or an axe helve on rainy days; by adroit manipulation, they could relieve a choking cow, or as deftly, hive a swarm of bees. Their furrows indeed were not of the straightest, but their control of a long team of oxen was a miracle of guidance. They may have carried a bit of Cavendish twist in their waistcoat pockets; they certainly did not waste time at lavations; but as farm workers they had rare aptitude; no tool came amiss to them; they cradled; they churned, if need were; they chopped and piled their three cords of wood between sun and sun.

With bare feet, and a keen-whetted six-pound Blanchard, they laid such clean and broad swaths through the fields of dewy herdsgrass, as made "old-countrymen" stare. By a kind of intuition, they knew the locality of every tree, and of every medicinal herb that grew in the woods. Rarest of all which they possessed, was an acuteness of understanding, which enabled them to comprehend an order before it was half uttered, and to meet occasional and unforeseen difficulties, with a steady assurance, as if they had been an accepted part of the problem. It was possible to send such a man into a wood with his team, to select a stick of timber, of chestnut or oak, that should measure a given amount; he could be trusted to find such—to cut it, to score it, to load it; if the gearing broke, he could be trusted to mend it; if the tree lodged, he could be trusted to devise some artifice for bringing it down; and finally—for its sure and prompt delivery at the point indicated. Your Irishman, on the other hand, balks at the first turn; he must have a multitude of chains; he needs a boy to aid him with the team, and another to carry a bar; he spends an hour in his doubtful estimate of dimensions; but "begorra, it's a lumpish tree," and he thwacks into the rind a foot or two from the ground, so as to leave a "nate" Irish stump. Half through the bole, he begins to doubt if it be indeed a chestnut or a poplar; and casting his eye aloft to measure it anew, an ancient woodpecker drops something smarting in his eye; and his howl starts the ruminating team into a confused entanglement among the young wood. Having eased the pain, and extricated his cattle, he pushes on with his axe, and presently, with a light crash of pliant boughs, his timber is lodged in the top of an adjoining tree. He tugs, and strains, and swears, and splits the helve of his axe in adapting it for a lever, and presently, near to noon, comes back for three or four hands to give a boost with the tree. You return—to find the team strayed through a gate left open, into a thriving cornfield, and one of your pet tulip trees lodged in a young hickory.

"Och! and it's a toolip—it is! and I was thinkin' 'twas niver a chistnut; begorra, it's lucky thin, it didn't come down intirely."

These and other such, replace the New-Englander born, who long ago was paid off, wrapped his savings in a dingy piece of sheepskin, scratched his head reflectingly and disappeared from the stage. He has become the father of a race that is hewing its way into Oregon, or he is a dignitary in Wisconsin, or thwacking terribly among the foremost fighters of the war.

Here and there remains an aged representative of the class, with all his nasal twang and his aptitude for a score of different services; but the chances are, if he has failed of placing himself in the legislative chambers of the West, or of holding ownership of some rough farm of his own, that he has some moral obliquity which makes him an outcast.

Certain it is that very few native Americans of activity and of energy are to be decoyed into the traces of farm labor, unless they can assume the full direction. American blood is fast, and fast blood is impatient with a hoe among small carrots. It is well perhaps, that blood is so fast and hopes so tall. These tell grandly in certain directions, but they are not available for working over a heap of compost. The American eagle is (or was) a fine bird, but he does not consume grasshoppers like a turkey.

In view of the fact that dexterous labor is not now available, there is satisfaction in knowing that the necessity for it is year by year diminishing. Upon the old system of growing all that a man might need within his own grounds, a proper farm education embraced a considerable knowledge of a score of different crops and avocations. The tendency is now however, to centralize attention upon that line of cropping which is best suited to the land; this limits the range of labor, while the improved mechanical appliances fill a thousand wants, which were once only to be met by a dexterous handicraft at home. None but a few weazen-faced old gentlemen of a very ancient school, think now-a-days of making their own ox yokes or their own cheese presses; or if their crop be large, of pounding out their grain with a flail. And it is noticeable in this connection, that the implements in the use of which the native workers were most unmatchable, are precisely the ones which in practical farming are growing less and less important every year; to wit, the axe and the scythe, the first being now confined mostly to clearings of timber, and the second is fast becoming merely a garden implement for the dressing of lawns.—*D. G. Mitchell.*

Sheep Barns or Stables.

Barns or stables for the winter shelter of sheep, now receive universal preference in the Northern and Eastern States. These are generally constructed—and always should be—so that they can be closed as tightly as ordinary horse or cow-barns. But they require doors sufficient for ventilation and exposure to the sun in fine weather, and for the ingress of a farm wagon to haul out manure. And by means of moveable windows, or slides covering apertures in the walls, they should be capable of being thoroughly ventilated at any time, with the doors closed.

When these close sheep barns first came into use, each was generally made large enough for seventy-five or one hundred sheep; and they were scattered about the farm so as to be contiguous to the meadows from which they were to be filled with hay, and so the manure made in and about them would only require hauling a short distance. There was another argument in their favor. If a contagious or infectious disease broke out in one of the divisions of the flock, it did not necessarily extend to all; and, theoretically speaking at least, the fewer the sheep which inhale the same local atmosphere the freer from impurities it must remain.

But serious inconveniences were found to attend this system. It required almost a double outlay of materials and expense to build separate barns and prepare separate yards, arrangements for watering, etc., for each flock. These scattered barns required the farmer or his shepherd to wade wearily two or three times a day, mounted or on foot, for long distances through sheets of snow which the winds generally rendered pathless; and oftentimes, and even for days together, to do this amidst blinding snow-storms or the most terrible extremes of c

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Nov. 26, 1863.

Terms of the Maine Farmer.

$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Notice.

☞ Mr. H. P. Weeks will visit our subscribers in Lincoln and Knox Counties during the months of November and December.

Mr. S. N. Taber will call upon subscribers in New Brunswick, during the present and ensuing month.

Mr. V. Darling will call upon subscribers in Washington County, during the present and ensuing month.

Particular Notice to Subscribers.

The practice of paying newspaper subscriptions in advance is one mutually advantageous to patrons and publishers. The subscriber saves a handsome per centage on his money, and has the satisfaction of knowing that his newspaper reading for the year has been paid for. The publisher is spared the disagreeable necessity, trouble and expense of dunning his patrons, and at the same time is put in possession of the means to enable him to make improvements in his paper for the benefit of all concerned. Within the past few years the habit of paying in advance has greatly increased among our subscribers, and we hope the time is not far distant when it will become general. In the meantime there are a few names on our list in arrears, and we wish to make it an object for them to follow the example so worthily set by a large majority of our patrons. For this purpose we make them the following liberal proposition: Our terms are $2 per year in advance, and $2.25 if not paid within three months. *Any person now in arrears who will remit to us the amount due, on or before the 1st day of January next, and $2 in addition for the year 1864 in advance, shall receive a receipt for the same at the rate of $2 per year.* He will thus make a saving of 25 cents per annum on all arrears, and have the satisfaction of complying with the apostolic injunction, "Owe not the printer anything." We hope all our subscribers who are in arrears, will avail themselves of this offer. The discount which we thus make will involve a considerable diminution in our current receipts, but we shall be satisfied if we shall be able thereby to establish the rule of advance payments, so far as the *Maine Farmer* is concerned, as a permanent system.

A Gleam of Light on the North American Railroad.

Thirteen years ago, we had the honor, as well as the pleasure of being a delegate to an International Convention, held at Portland for the purpose of consulting together in regard to preliminary action necessary to the establishment of the continuation of the railway from Bangor to some extreme point of Nova Scotia. It had been urged, both in private and public, that the construction of such a road would be of great public convenience, both to Americans and Europeans, inasmuch as it would materially shorten the distance, and therefore the running time, between Boston and Liverpool, and otherwise give many facilities not now enjoyed in the transit between the two Continents.

Such a road would, besides the above general advantages, be of particular benefit to Maine, as it would thus make our territory a channel of European travel through its whole length. The meeting was an interesting one on various accounts. It was the first one ever held in Maine, where the representatives of several New England States and the British Provinces came together to consult on a subject of mutual interest. Ex-Governor Hubbard, then Governor of the State, presided. At first there was a reserve on the part of both sides, and a decided manifestation of the two nationalities. But, as the subject matter began to be discussed, and the necessity of a cordial co-operation of the communities on both sides of the line became apparent, the *national ice* began to thaw, and in a short time there was a complete fusion of feeling and sentiment, and the delegates were all good Yankees and all good royalists, each pledging themselves and their influences to the promotion and successful completion of the great line of intercommunication then and there projected. Our Legislature, the ensuing season chartered a company with requisite powers and privileges as far as the State jurisdiction extended and furnished funds for a thorough reconnoissance of the route proposed, which was done the ensuing summer. The same was done in the Provinces, and, for a time it looked as if the project would soon be accomplished, and the European and North American Railroad would speedily become a fixed fact.

There is a time and a season, however, for all things. The seed that is planted must have time to germinate and grow ere the fruit can be enjoyed. So with the railroad in question. Various "ups and downs" in the business circles, and in the affairs of the two Governments, as also sundry counter projects have put this enterprise in the shade and kept it in a rather quiescent state. The plan on the British side of the line of an International Railroad, or a connecting road from St. John to Quebec, has kept the other in the shade until recently, when the hope of the successful completion of the inter-colonial route has been abandoned, and the friends of the first project are waking with renewed energy, and taking hold of it with a zeal that we doubt not will bring it to its full consummation. Changes have also taken place in some of the corporations which would form connecting links at Bangor which favor the move, and the Bangoreans are also waking up to the thing, and taking hold with something of their old *go ahead-a-tive-ness*.

A meeting was held the other evening by some of their influential citizens, and among other resolves in furtherance of the enterprise the following was passed:

Resolved, That the citizens of Bangor will cooperate with the Directors of the E. & N. A. Railroad Co., in all proper measures they may adopt to carry forward their line; in asking aid from the State and the United States Governments, or in adopting any other method for securing connections by railway with St. John and Halifax, and the Aroostook by this route.

We hope they will succeed. It is a project and an improvement important both to the State and the Nation. Its advantages and its benefits will be felt not only on both sides of our boundary, but on both sides of the Atlantic, and when finished will become a great highway of Nations, and an important link in the magnificent chain of internal improvement that will in no very distant day encircle the globe.

Brief Notes on the Weather for the week ending Sunday, Nov. 22d, 1863:

Nov. 16th—Foggy; warmest 52 deg.; wind N. E.; raining during the night.

17th—Raining hard all day and night, with gale during the night; very heavy rain storm; warmest 60 deg.; wind N. E; storm ended in night.

18th—Overcast; warmest 50 deg.; wind S.; slight shower in the evening.

19th—Splendid; warmest 52 deg.; wind S.

20th—Fine; warmest 54 deg.; wind S.

21st—A. M. fair; warmest 47 deg.; wind S. E; P. M. cloudy; light fall of sleet in evening.

22d—Splendid; clear; warmest 49 deg.; wind W.

☞ The Rockland *Gazette* says that Judge M. M. Farwell, of that city, has sold the wool from the fine flock of sheep which he kept on his farm on Sandy River for the handsome sum of $1200.

The War News of the Week.

The intelligence of the advance of the rebel forces under Longstreet upon Knoxville, and the apparently critical position of affairs in East Tennessee, has occasioned much anxiety in regard to the ability of Gen. Burnside, with the limited means at his disposal, to maintain his ground. The contingency has not been unanticipated, and it is reasonable to suppose that it has been provided for in the programme of conjunctive operations marked out by Gen. Grant and Gen. Meade. The skillful and gallant manner in which the rebel advance was contested during four days of desperate fighting, not indeed with any expectation of preventing it, but evidently for the purpose of gaining time, during which dispositions could be made for the successful defence of Knoxville, has given new luster to the military reputation of Gen. Burnside, and inspired the fullest confidence in his ability, unless overpowered by immense superiority of numbers, to hold Longstreet at bay until relief can reach him from Gen. Grant. Perhaps by this time a decisive battle has been fought, and it is not improbable that a movement in the meantime is making in Longstreet's rear, which may result in the total defeat of his expedition and the rout or capture of his forces. We have information that Gen. Sherman's corps, which recently joined Gen. Thomas at Bridgeport, was following hard upon Longstreet's march, and would soon be in a position to co-operate with Gen. Burnside, not only for the defence of Knoxville, but for the eventual and final expulsion of the enemy from Eastern Tennessee.

Very little is known of the position and strength of Lee's forces south of the Rapidan. It is reported that he is in no condition to accept battle from Gen. Meade, and is gradually falling back in the direction of Richmond on the two railroad lines by way of Hanover Junction and Lynchburg. Our own army is still making progress southward. On Friday last our cavalry took possession of Madison Court House, between Robertson's river and the Rapidan, and had advanced to Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge, which looks as if a flank movement upon the enemy's left was intended, which may result in compelling Lee to make a stand for the preservation of his communications by way of Charlottesville and Lynchburg. Of the result of an engagement no doubt is felt. The only fear is that Lee may succeed in reaching Richmond without a battle.

The mystery which has shrouded the objects of Gen. Banks' Naval Expedition is removed. The expedition reached the mouth of the Rio Grand on Sunday the 8th inst., and soon after took possession without resistance of Brazos Island and Brownsville. Fort Brown was hastily evacuated by the rebels after throwing the guns into the river, and burning the larger portion of the town of Brownsville. The possession of this point by our forces is an event of great importance. Ever since the occupation of New Orleans and the blockade of the Southern ports, immense supplies of arms, munitions of war, provisions and clothing have been conveyed across the river from Matamoras into Texas and thence transported across the State through Louisiana to the Mississippi for the use of the rebel armies. Matamoras is a Mexican town situated on the Rio Grande opposite Brownsville, and its importance consisted in the fact that being a neutral port, vessels with contraband cargoes, could be despatched thither without risk of seizure by our cruisers, consigned to rebel agents, discharge their freight, load again with cotton which had been brought across the river for the purpose, and return to Nassau or Liverpool for the purpose of repeating the profitable operation. Previous to the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson the rebel government received most of their army supplies from this source, and hence its desperate efforts to keep open its communications with the trans-Mississippi portion of the Confederacy. After the control of the navigation was resumed by us, the insurgent forces in Arkansas, Western Louisiana and Texas were still supplied from the same source, and thereby enabled to keep the field, hence the determination of Gen. Banks to close the door against them in that direction, which he has successfully accomplished. Considerations connected with the conquest of Mexico by France and the possible complications growing out of the fact, may have had something to do with the movement. Be this as it may, the advantage thus secured to the Union is of the most important character, and should be retained at any cost. The extinction of the rebellion in the territory west of the Mississippi which we think must certainly and speedily follow this event, will vindicate the military sagacity and statesmanship of Gen. Banks in planning the expedition and conducting it thus far to so desirable a consummation.

A Horse Training Exhibition. We lately attended an exhibition of horse training, in this city, given by Prof. Quimby, a late assistant and disciple of Rarey, and had the pleasure of seeing him perform the operations by which a vicious or unmanagable horse is subdued and made completely subservient to the will of his master. One of the horses employed as an illustration was a vicious stallion belonging to Col. Johnson, late of the 21st Me., and another was an unbroken colt owned by Mr. Jas. Keagan of this city. After the Professor had applied the system to these animals they became perfectly docile and manageable, following him and obeying his touch and word. We take pleasure in recommending Prof. Quimby and his system to the patronage of horsemen. The system seems to be safe and efficient, and furthermore is founded on the principle of kindness to the animal.

☞ Messrs. Brinkerhoff and Ricker have been remarkably successful in procuring horses for the new cavalry regiment. About 400 have been already purchased and brought in at prices ranging from $90 to $120 each. Nearly 100 were purchased in this city on Saturday last. The average cost will be much less than the established Government price, and the animals are of superior quality and appear in excellent condition. It is thought that the whole number required for the regiment will be obtained in the course of the next two weeks.

☞ It is estimated that there are now in camp in this city about 1300 men enlisted in the several regiments—300 for the 24 Maine cavalry, Col. Woodman; 500 for the 29th veterans, Col. Beal; and 500 for the 30th, Col. Fessenden. Recruits enlisted for each of these regiments are daily arriving in camp, and it is confidently believed that they will all be filled at the present rate of enlistments by the middle of December.

☞ A smart competition is going on among the towns in this State for the purpose of securing their respective quotas of men. Bounties ranging from $200 to $300 are offered, and we hear in one instance as high as $500. The towns making the highest bids get their quotas filled first, while those who are unwilling or unable to compete with them will probably fail entirely, and be finally compelled to submit to the hard alternative of the draft.

☞ Rev. J. W. Hanson, formerly editor of the *Gospel Banner*, has been appointed by the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, its Agent for the distribution of denominational books, papers, tracts, &c., among the soldiers of the army. Mr. Hanson will commence the work of his mission on the first of January next.

☞ The ladies of this city—bless their kind hearts—are making arrangements to furnish the soldiers in camp with a liberal supply of pies and other fixings for their Thanksgiving dinner.

The President's Hymn of Thanksgiving.

The following hymn, written by the venerable Dr. Mulhenburg of New York, is a metrical version of the President's Proclamation for a National Thanksgiving, and is designed to be sung in all the churches of the loyal States on the day of the approaching national festival:

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord:
Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
Sea, mountain and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

Chorus after each verse:

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord.

For the sunshine and rain fall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthrall,
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all:
For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health:
Give thanks—

For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
Give thanks—

In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow:
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales;
On His Ocean domains chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks—

Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him Whose the silver and gold,
Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master-Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks—

Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory,—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—

Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead, in the joy have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—

In the Domes of Messiah—ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—

Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore;
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er All in the Land.
And the Banner of Union, &c.
Give thanks—

Freshet on the Kennebec. The great rains of last week raised the waters of the Kennebec to a height unprecedented for several years past. We hear, however, of no serious damage upon the river from the freshet, although some apprehensions were entertained in this city on Wednesday night, for the safety of the Williams' Mill on the western end of the dam. During the day the flume was partially carried away, and the foundations of the mill on the river side were considerably weakened by the action of the current. Measures were promptly taken, however, for its security and the danger was removed by the subsidence of the flood during the night. The same night a couple of wooden buildings on the wharf in the rear of Deering & Turner's store, and used by them as store-houses, were started from their moorings and floated down river. The buildings were of little value.

In Gardiner the wharves and cellars of the stores on Water street were flooded. On Tuesday evening portions of the bank west of the house of widow Nath'l Kimball took a slide down against the barn and L, demolishing the former and crushing about eight feet of the latter. A fine mare belonging to her son, the late Capt. George Kimball, worth about $200, was killed in the barn. Total loss $2000. During Tuesday and Wednesday a large number of logs escaped from the booms above the dam and were carried down river. Although very few of them were probably lost, the inconvenience and damage to our millmen will be considerable.

☞ The Legislature of Massachusets in special session have passed an enlistment act authorizing the Governor to pay a bounty of $325 to any veteran who enlists, or to any new recruit. If a volunteer elects, he may take the bounty of $50, and $20 monthly, as long as he remains in the service, instead of the $325. By selecting the monthly pay, the recruit is entitled to six months' wages after he shall be honorably discharged from the service. It is a pity that a similar course was not pursued in this State. The evil which was apprehended of an unlimited competition among the towns in the offer of bounties, is beginning to be realized. The larger and wealthier towns, by the offer of excessive bounties attract recruits from the smaller and poorer localities, thus saving their own citizens from the necessity of enlistment and all liability under a future draft, while the latter being unable to make similar offers, are deprived of the material to fill their own quotas when the draft of the 5th of January is ordered. This state of things should not be.

☞ The Eastern Express Company have generously offered to forward all articles of relief for our prisoners in Richmond, free of expense, to Boston. The Adams' Express Company have also notified the public that they will send forward articles designed for the same purpose without charge. Contributions for the relief of our suffering soldiers now in rebel prisons should be promptly and liberally made. We trust some action will be immediately taken in Augusta to raise funds for this patriotic and praiseworthy purpose. Gardiner has already set a good example to her sister towns by contributing and forwarding $125 to the Sanitary Commission for the benefit of the sufferers, and Portland has contributed $1000 to the same object.

Casualties in the 20th Maine. A detachment of 83 men of the 20th Maine, under Capt. Morrill, Co. B, with Lieut. Keene, Co. I, and Lieut. Morse, Co. G, were engaged with the 6th Maine in the assault on the rebels at Rappahannock Station. One man, Frederic Kinsel, of Co. E, Waldoboro', was killed, and the following wounded: Corp. Sanford A. Carpenter, Co. I, Portland, in toe, slightly; George H. Richardson, Co. B, Oldtown, shoulder, slightly; John W. Ramsdell, Co. D, Exeter, ankle, slightly; Wm. D. McKinn, Co. E, Bristol, arm, slightly; Wm. G. White, Co. G, Woolwich, shoulder, slightly; Jos. Winslow, Co. H, Plantation No. 9, Range 6, arm, slightly; Seth McGuire, Co. H, Linneus, thigh, severely.

Additional Deaths in the 6th Maine. Chaplain Jackson of the Armory Square Hospital in Washington reports the following additional deaths in the 6th Maine from wounds received at Rappahannock Station. Lieut. H. H. Waite, Co. D; Thomas Tibbets, Co. D; Sargent Tapley, Co. E; Sergeant Israel Hodsdon, Co. H (nephew of Adjutant Gen. Hodsdon of Maine); Jacob Quimby, Jr., Co. H; W. M. Wharton, Co. K. There are about seventy-five New England men in this hospital, and among those dangerously wounded are Lieut. Col. Harris of the 6th Maine, and also Lieut. Morton of the 5th Maine and Sergeant Barnard and Lieut. Jacobs of the 6th are severely wounded, but will probably recover.

☞ At the meeting of the Stockholders of the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad Company, held in this city on Saturday last, to consider the subject of leasing the road to the Portland & Kennebec Company, we understand no action was taken, the meeting being adjourned two weeks for further consideration of the subject. In the meantime a Committee was appointed to settle the accounts of the Company with Mr. Eaton the President of the road.

☞ Augusta has already enlisted 75 volunteers under the recent call, leaving 45 to be obtained to make up its quota. The offer of $200 has secured an excellent class of recruits, most of whom go into the new cavalry regiment.

Editor's Table.

Harper for December opens with a couple of poems, St. Christopher and Twilight on Sumter, illustrated. This idea of giving an illustrated poem as an introductory article, is fine, if the poem is good, and we hope the publishers will continue them. Scenes in the War of 1812, and Pictures of the Japanese, are two continued illustrated papers; Cap-and-Bells, and the Small House at Allington, are continued; Light through Darkness; The Gulf and A Woman's Complaint, poetry. The Editor's "Chair" is racy, and the "Drawer" has lost none of its readableness through age. This number commences the new volume. New York: Harper & Brothers; $3 per annum. Received through A. Williams & Co., Boston. C. A. Pierce, Augusta, agent.

The Atlantic Monthly for December is received with its usual amount of good reading matter. The publishers in their prospectus for 1864, give notice that the volume shall in no wise be inferior to previous ones. Among the interesting features to be added and continued are poems from Browning and Longfellow, and new romances from Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and Trowbridge. Prof. Agassiz' scientific articles will be continued. In addition to these its staff of contributors comprises such names as Lowell, Emerson, Sumner, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, publishers. Terms $3 per year; two copies five dollars.

The December number of the Continental has the following prose articles: The Nation; Buckle, Draper and a Science of History; Diary of Frances Krasinska, continued; My Mission; Letter Writing; The Great American Crisis; Was he Successful? continued; Reconstruction; Virginia; Whiffs from my Meerschaum; Editor's Table and Literary Notices. The poetry is, The Sleeping Soldier; The Year; Dead; and She Defines her Position. Terms $3 a year, post paid. In clubs, two copies for five dollars; six copies for eleven dollars. All letters, communications, &c., should be addressed to the publisher, John F. Trow, New York.

Godey for December, with its steel plate engravings, its extension fashion plate, its numerous wood engravings of "articles too numerous to mention," its music, its stories, tales, sketches, poetry, etc., is on hand early and in time, as it always is. Godey's is acknowledged to be the "Lady's Book" *par excellence*. Send three dollars to L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, and receive the magazine for twelve months.

Grape Culture, Wines and Wine Making, by A. Haraszthy; pp. 420, illustrated: New York, Harper & Brothers. Price $5. We have before given a notice of this valuable work, and shall endeavor to give some extracts from it soon. It is the production of Mr. A. Haraszthy, a California grape grower, who was commissioned by the Legislature of his State, to visit foreign countries and study into and report on this subject, and the results of those observations and studies are given in the valuable and readable volume before us.

American Weeds and Useful Plants. We are in receipt of this valuable work by the lamented Dr. Darlington, with additions by Prof. Thurber. It is an illustrated edition of agricultural botany, containing enumerations and descriptions of weeds and plants which merit the notice or require the attention of American agriculturists. New York: C. M. Saxton. Price $1.50, post paid.

Arthur's Home Magazine for December is received. Our good opinion of this little monthly is well known and need not be repeated. Its reading matter is emphatically *good*. Two dollars a year; address T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia.

Martin Pole. A novel, by John Saunders, pp. 118. This is number 234 of Harpers' "Library of Select Novels." It is written by an author whose style is vigorous and whose stories are full of action and interest. Harper & Brothers. Price 50 cents.

Surrenders and Surprises. The Richmond *Enquirer* of a recent date makes some confessions in regard to the inefficient management of the rebel arms, which we should think would be rather galling to the pride of the chivalry in view of their boastful pretensions of superior bravery and generalship. That paper says:

"The people and army of the Confederate States have been so much complimented upon the prowess and gallantry of their arms, so much flattered upon what has been accomplished, that they have lost sight of the fact that more surrenders have been made by their armies than by the armies of any other nation. What nations in three years of war have lowered their flag eleven times in surrender? There have been eleven Confederate surrenders since the war began. Near Rich Mountain, at Hatteras, at Island No. 10, at Fort Henry, at Fort Donelson, at Roanoke Island, at Forts Phillip and Jackson, at Arkansas Post, at Vicksburg, at Port Hudson and Cumberland Gap."

In relation to a similar catalogue of surprises during the war, the *Enquirer* says:

"The surprises of Kellysville, Brandy Station, Williamsport, Bristow Station, and now the late disaster on the Rappahannock, show how leniency to the first dereliction of duty may entail continued and repeated disasters, and carelessness inflicts lasting disgrace upon the army.

The army of General Bragg has lately suffered greatly from a surprise, by which an important position was gained by the enemy, and one which, it is feared, may neutralize much of the advantages gained by the battle of Chickamauga. We might, by reviewing the history of the war, swell the number of surprises to the equal of that of the surrenders but it would be useless."

Ladies' Aid Society. The ladies of Augusta continue their benevolent and patriotic labors for the soldiers. The following articles were sent by the Society to the Sanitary Commission, Oct. 9th:

8 quilts, 7 dressing-gowns, 20 shirts, 36 pairs drawers; 36 towels, 16 comfort bags, 10 pairs shoes, 10 hop pillows, 1 feather pillow, 14 sheets, 4 pairs stockings, 1 bottle blackberry cordial, 1 do preserves, 1 bottle rhubarb jelly, 3 bottles currant jelley, 3 do wine, 5 neck handkerchiefs.

On the 9th of November, another box was sent containing the following articles:

17 woolen shirts, 31 cotton shirts, 12 pairs woolen drawers, 14 pairs cotton drawers, 8 dressing-gowns, 8 quilts, 1 sheet, 13 pocket handkerchief, 9 hop pillows, 6 pairs shoes, 6 pairs stockings, 24 towels, 9 pounds burnt coffee, 1 box mustard, 2 comfort bags 4 arm slings.

The Society gratefully acknowledge the receipt of valuable contributions from the ladies of Vassalboro'.

☞ The freshet on the Androscoggin and Sandy rivers last week did considerable damage. The railroad bridges at Farmington and Wilton were carried away, and the embankment of the Jay bridge was much injured. An immense number of logs came down from above the Falls at Lewiston and were carried into Merry-meeting Bay where many of them will be lost. In Oxford County much damage was done to property and the roads.

The Oxford *Democrat* says at South Paris, the people were turned out at midnight by the alarm bell to save the flour mill. By means of an embarkment the current was turned, and the danger averted. At West Paris, the abutment was so damaged as to cause one end of the bridge to drop, and stop travel. The next bridge above was carried off, and the next disabled. At Buckfield we learn that the railroad embankment at the bridge was badly washed out and also the wharfing from the bridge in the village, to Morrill's store. All the bridges from Paris to Buckfield were injured, and passengers on Wednesday, were obliged to unharness to get through. At Bethel there was an extraordinary rise of water but the amount of damage is not stated. The Grand Trunk Railway track was washed away and some culverts destroyed at one or two points between Mechanic Falls and Oxford, also at Berlin Falls.

Official Report from the Sixth Maine.

The following statement of the gallant part performed by the 6th Maine at the battle of Rappahannock Station, on the 7th inst., and the casualties during the engagement, are furnished in a report to the Adjutant General by Major George Fuller, now in command of the regiment:

Head Quarters 6th Maine Vols.,
November 12, 1863.

Brig. Gen'l John L. Hodsdon,
Adj. General of Maine.

General:—I have the honor to submit to you the following account of the part taken by the 6th Maine Regiment, in the engagement at Rappahannock Station Nov. 7th 1863.

The Regt. left camp near Warrenton Va., at daylight on the morning of the 7th inst., in company with the rest of the Brigade, and marched toward Rappahannock Station; when within one mile of the Station the Regt. was halted and formed into line of battle in the edge of a wood about two hundred yards to the right of the railroad. This was about 12 o'clock A. M. At 2 o'clock P. M. Lieut. Col Harris was ordered to relieve the 49th Regt. Penn. Vol., which was upon the skirmish line: Companies A, F, D, I, and C, composing the right wing, was sent forward under my command for this purpose, and the skirmish line was duly relieved; the right of the line, connecting with the skirmishers of the 121st Regt. N. Y. Vols; and the left connecting with those of the 20th Maine Vols., belonging to the 5th corps.

At 5½ o'clock, the skirmish line was ordered to advance upon the enemy, which it did in gallant style, quickly driving in his skirmishers upon the fortifications. Our loss up to this time was one killed, and five wounded. At sunset the left wing was ordered to advance, and it was immediately thrown forward to within one hundred and fifty yards of the skirmish line, and ordered to lie down under the crest of a hill just in our front.

Immediately after, orders came from General Russell, to deploy the left wing, double the skirmish line and with the 5th Wisconsin Regt. as a support to charge the enemy's works.

The wing was at once deployed, and upon the arrival of the 5th Wisconsin, was thrown forward upon the skirmish line; here but a moment's delay was caused in arranging the skirmishers now doubled, and at the command "Forward, double quick," the Regt. marched upon the works under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery: The fire grew heavier as the line neared the works, and the men were struck down with fearful rapidity, but unwavering, with wild cheers the survivors reached the fortifications, and springing over them, engaged the enemy in a hand to hand conflict; the enemy astonished and bewildered, quickly gave way and fled, many of them towards the river, but by far the greater part to their left, which was as yet unassailed; leaving in our hands three hundred and fifty prisoners, four guns and one stand of colors. The works the whole length of our line were now in our possession.

And now the enemy, strong in his rifle pits further to his left, commenced a raking fire down the length of our line, which proved very destructive, and preceiving the weakness of our force, advanced heavily upon our right, compelling that part of the line to abandon the works; but disputing every foot of the ground, the men fell back upon our center and left, which still retained possession of the fortifications, and turning sharply upon the enemy, kept him at bay until the opportune arrival of the 5th Wisconsin Regt. which came up on the run, and with its usual impetuosity, rushed into the conflict. With the invaluable aid of this Regt. we were soon gaining ground when the arrival of the 49th and 119th Regts. Penn. Vols. together with the storming of the enemy's left by the 5th Maine and 121st N. Y. Regts. who carried those works with a rush, decided the battle the enemy being either captured or driven across the river.

I would here mention that about eighty men, belonging to the 5th Corps, under the command of Capt. Morrill of the 20th Me. Regt. forming a skirmish line upon our left, rendered valuable aid in carrying and holding the works. I would also beg leave to mention the following named Officers to whose invaluable efforts, after we had lost two thirds of our line Officers, the obstinacy with which the fight was conducted, is due; viz Capts. Lincoln and Baseford and Lieuts. Hovey, Norris, Smith and Williams; the two latter although severely wounded, rejoined their companies the next morning and reported for duty; and 1st Sergt. W. H. Coan of Co. H. who after his officers had fallen took command of the company, and by his cool, determined conduct, helped much to the result.

Capt. Sumner and Lieut. Hobbs of Co. A. forming the right support; and Lts. Hill and Pierce of company C. forming the left support; did their duty nobly.

I regret to say that during the early part of the engagement, Lt. Col. Harris, while gallantly leading on his men fell dangerously wounded, and the leading command devolved upon me—Adjutant Clark was also severely wounded while in the works bravely doing his duty, but not before he had driven his sword into his adversary.

Captains Furlong (killed) Burnham, Roberts and Wetherell (wounded) and Lieuts. Wilkins and McKinley (killed) Waite, Pottle, Jacobs, Morton, Chamberlain and Knowles [wounded] were struck down while gallantly leading on their men, doing their duty, as only such officers can.

Numerous instances of personal valor among the enlisted men of the Regt. have come to my knowledge too numerous indeed to mention in this hurried report, but I cannot refrain from asking your attention to the following instances of unexampled courage and coolness. Sergeant Otis O. Roberts of Co. H. with only five men rushed upon the color bearer of the 8th Louisiana Regt. who was in the middle of his color company, and after a hand to hand conflict in which the bayonet was freely used, succeeded in capturing the Colors and compelling the whole Company to surrender. Privates Robinson, Hutchings and Thomas Chick of Co. B. and private Lawrence Laughlin of Co. G. pursued the enemy to the river firing three shots after them, and ordered them to surrender. Three commissioned Officers, and one hundred and seventy five men obeyed the order, and the three men marched the whole of their prisoners safely to the rear.

The Regt. lost in this terrible engagement, one hundred and thirty nine officers and men, killed and wounded, a full list of whose name and rank, I herewith submit.

I have the honor to be:—General
Very Respt. your Obt. Servt.
George Fuller, Maj. Com. Regt.

Commissioned Officers. Lieut. Colonel B F Harris, wounded dangerously; 1st Lieut and Adjutant, C A Clark, wounded seriously; Capt R W Furlong, D, killed; Capt G W Burnham, G, wounded severely; Capt J G Roberts, H, do; Capt C F Witherell, K, wounded seriously; 1st Lieut L H Wilkins, A, killed; 1st Lieut. J B McKinley, E, killed; 1st Lieut H H Waite, D, wounded mortally; 1st Lieut S F Pottle, F, do severely; 1st Lieut L W Smith, G, do do; 1st Lieut S J Morton, H, do dangerously; 1st Lieut P Knowles, K, do do; 2d Lieut E Williams, D, do severely; 2d Lieut W L Jacobs, G, do seriously; 2d Lieut H H Chamberlain, I, do do.

Company A. *Killed*—Ozro W Davis. *Wounded*—Corp Loumas Berry, Newton Blanchard.

Co. B. *Killed*—Corp O H Goodwin, Wm Hamilton, Benj F Scribner, J W Bennett, Cyrus Baker, Jr. *Wounded*—Serg. A L Jones, severely; Alex E Fields, mortally; N S McGary, seriously.

Co C. *Killed*—James T Bradbury. *Wounded*—J Hennessey, severely; Wm A Elderkin, do; Thos Corniff, slightly.

Co. D. *Killed*—W W Coy, John Stubbs. *Wounded*—Serg F A Barnard, mortally; W N Gower, severely; Corp John Chamberlain, do; Alonzo Smith, do; Thos Mahoney, do; Silas Thompson, do; Samuel Anderson, slightly; Daniel Thompson, do; Thomas Tibbetts, dangerously.

Co E. *Killed*—Serg Moses S Wardwell, James Archibald, R A Horton, A P Moores, C Hunnewell, Moses S Vervell. *Wounded*—Serg Henry Tapley, mortally; Serg W S Richards, slightly; Corp Alfred Treat, do; Corp S L Heywood, do; Corp G W Clay, do; Jos King, do; A H Carter, severely; Chas H Doak, do; H Bramon do; Ira McLaughlin, do; A D Blaisdell, do; Thomas Ripley, dangerously; G W Webster, do; John Webb, severely; Edward W Morse, do; Nathaniel Foss, do.

Co. F. *Killed*—Serg William Shean, Corp Charles Leighton, Corp Josiah Fish. *Wounded*—Geo H Owens, severely; Thos Welsh, do; Matthew Wood, do; Hugh Robb, do; Amos Ward, do; L F Rice, slightly; John Sweeney, do.

Co G. *Killed*—Israel Dean, George H Mills, Chas Taylor, Lewis Willet, T J Small. *Wounded*—Serg Wm Shaw, severely; Serg Chas Frye, slightly; 1st Serg Geo A Dyer, dangerously; Corp F Leighton, severely; John Bean, do; Malcolm Andrews, do; Samuel Boyden, do; H F Mills, do; A E Smith, slightly; Joseph Small, do; H L Tibbetts, do.

Co. H. *Killed*—Corp James L Mitchell, Corp Hiram F Stafford, Wm H Herrick, Wm H Senter. *Wounded*—Serg Israel Hodsdon, dangerously; Serg A T Severance, severely; W D Babkirk, do; A Batchelder, do; Jos Bulger, do; Geo H Cooley, do; W A Jellison, do; Patrick O'Keefe, do; Jacob Quimby, Jr., do; F C Stafford, do; C S Weaver, slightly; J H Roundy, do; Corp T W Gilpatrick, do; Corp H G Lane, do; Corp C A Whittier, do; L H Whittier, severely.

Co. I. *Killed*—Corp L F Lyon. *Wounded*—Serg Jas Knowlton, seriously; Serg Thos Templeton, dangerously; Serg W B Jenness, slightly; Corp F J Elliott, do; C M Clark, severely; G W House, seriously; B C Lieberness, dangerously.

Co. K. *Killed*—Serg G W Cobbett, Serg John A Gray, Corp Thos Sharkey, Geo Brown, Thos D Brisley, Chas Hammond, Chas Nelson. *Wounded*—Serg T Voss, severely; Serg John H Coy, severely; Corp Levi Flood, do; Corp Thos N Kerr, dangerously; Daniel W Bagley, severely; Allen Cunningham, do; Peter Chester, dangerously; Pat Durgan, severely; Frederic Douse, do; James H Dingee, dangerously; E Hannemann, mortally; Fergus Potter, severely; Soloman W Seeley, mortally; W M Wharton, do.

Consecration of the National Cemetery. On Thursday last the National Cemetery, where the remains of the fallen brave at Gettysburg are buried, was dedicated by a grand military and civic display. President Lincoln, a portion of his Cabinet, and the Governors of fifteen loyal States were present on the occasion. A long procession marched through the principal streets of Gettysburg to the Cemetery, where it arrived at 10 A. M. The military then formed in line extending completely round the stand, the area between the stand and the military being occupied by spectators, estimated at 150,000 people. After the performance of a funeral dirge by the band, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Stockton, Hon. Edward Everett delivered the oration. It is spoken of as among the most eloquent and brilliant productions of his genius. At the conclusion of the oration the President delivered the following brief dedicatory address.:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place of those who have given their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will not note nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus so far nobly carried on.

It is rather for us to be here, dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause, for which they here gave the last full measures of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain. That the nation shall under God, have a new birth of freedom and that the government of people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Three cheers were here given for the President and the Governors of the States. After the delivery of this address, the dirge and the benediction, the exercises concluded, and the immense assemblage departed about 2 o'clock.

Gen. Howard at Brown's Ferry. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Chattanooga, gives the following illustration of the coolness and bravery of Gen. Howard at the recent battle of Brown's Ferry:

"An unrecorded incident of the midnight fight between Hooker's and Longstreet's forces in Lookout Valley, ten days ago, has come to my knowledge, and deserves to have a place on the record: A short time subsequent to this magnificent charge on the enemy in their breastworks by Gen. Geary's brigade, Gen. Howard, taking with him a small escort of cavalry, started for that part of the field where Gen. Geary was supposed to be. He had not gone far when he came up with a body of infantry. "What cavalry is that?" was the hail. "All right," responded Gen. H., at the same time calling out, "What men are those?" "Longstreet's!" was the reply. "All right; come here," said Gen. H. The men approached. "Have we whipped these fellows?" asked Gen. H., in a manner to keep up the deception. "No, d—n them; they were too much for us, and drove us from our rifle-pits like devils. We're whipped

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Record of the War.

From Virginia---A Battle Expected---Position of the Rebel Army.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18. The *Times'* Army of the Potomac dispatch of the 16th says of the cavalry reconnoissance of the 15th, that although the enemy exposed some infantry it is believed that there is now only a strong picket line on the Rapidan, and that Lee's army has fallen back to some other position; but few camp fires can be seen at the side of the river, and some of their infantry brought to the front yesterday had their knapsacks off and were otherwise equipped as if ready for a march.

The *Times'* Army of the Potomac correspondent says privates Davis and Crane of *the* 1st Vt. cavalry arrived back to their *regiment* on the 13th from Richmond prison. *They* were confined in an upper story in the *prison*, from the window of which, by the aid of a lightning rod, they lowered themselves upon an adjoining roof, and then broke into the upper stories of several stores along the street, and finally got out of the city without exciting the suspicion of any one whom they met. For four days they suffered everything from the privation of food and the constant fear of being discovered and taken back to the vile den in which they had been imprisoned. They furnished the government with some important information, which will doubtless be acted upon.

The heavy storm of last night has swollen all the creeks, and the rain has given us a foretaste of Virginia mud, so familiar to all who wintered at Falmouth last year.

The *World's* Washington dispatch says it is expected that Gens. Meade and Lee will have a battle before the end of the present week, and the impression is confirmed somewhat as we learn from the front to-day. It is understood that Gen. Meade not only advances to the Rapidan, but that he is to cross before the close of the week, and obtain battle if possible.

The army is in excellent condition, especially the cavalry, and it is claimed that it outnumbers that under Lee.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18. There have recently been no public developments relative to Lee's army, excepting that the main body of it lies between the Rapidan and Orange Court House. The Rapidan front is strongly guarded. The storm of Saturday and Sunday considerably impeded transportation on the dirt roads, but supplies are now sent to the front by railroad.

The Siege of Charleston---Arrival of Rebel Deserters.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18. The *Herald's* Folly Island letter of the 14th says: Yesterday the enemy opened a severe fire upon our batteries from their mortars, of which they seem to have a large number on Sullivan's Island. Some of our guns on Fort Gregg have been turned upon them, and the duel has been a stirring one. Fortunately our men have such excellent covering and protection that the rebel shells have done no damage thus far.

Our fire is still maintained on Fort Sumter.

A few days since a rebel crew of four men, in a picket boat, from the rebel ram Savannah, doing picket duty in the Savannah river, overpowered the officer in charge and brought him a prisoner to Fort Pulaski, at the same time giving themselves up as deserters. The officer, named Samuel Beechington, is a Master's Mate in the rebel navy, and is now in safe quarters at Hilton Head.

From Chattanooga---Burnside's Position Threatened.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 17. This morning the enemy brought a battery down to the river side and shelled the camp of the 125th Illinois Regiment, guarding the fords six miles above here, killing the Rev. Mr. Saunders, Chaplain of the regiment. The rebels were forced to retire after *half* an hour's practice by the 24 Minnesota Battery. All is quiet here and the situation unchanged.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18. The *Tribune's* Chattanooga letter of the 9th states that the situation of affairs on our left, in the vicinity of Loudon, is such as to cause some uneasiness lest the sudden appearance of a large rebel force in that quarter will find Gen. Burnside unprepared.

Gen. Grant is fully alive to the situation of affairs. It may turn out that the enemy has secured advantage in having the start; that it may necessitate movements that would not otherwise be undertaken by this army is not impossible. Activity or quiet depends very much on the enemy's movements.

The *Star* of this P. M. says the latest information from East Tennessee is that Longstreet is moving in that direction, and some skirmishing has already occurred between Gen. Burnside's outposts and Longstreet's advance. The exact position of Gen. Burnside's outposts is not known.

Exciting News from East Tennessee---Longstreet Attacks Burnside and is Repulsed---The Federal Forces fall back on Knoxville.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19. A special dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Knoxville, Tenn., 17th, says:

"Gen. Longstreet after crossing the Tennessee on the morning of the 14th inst., was attacked in the afternoon by Gen. Burnside, who drove the advanced guard back to within a mile of the river's edge by nightfall. Longstreet crossed the remainder of his troops during the night, and on Sunday forenoon advanced in force. Gen. Burnside, finding it impossible to cope with him, with the small force at his disposal, fell back to Lenoir, the rear guard skirmishing heavily with the enemy through the day. Three desperate charges were made on our position during Sunday night, but they were handsomely repulsed.

On Monday forenoon General Burnside evacuated Lenoir, but owing to the energy with which the rebel pursuit was kept up, he determined to give them a decided check, and accordingly came into line of battle at Campbell's Station, where a fight ensued lasting from late in the afternoon until dark, our first position commanding the road from both sides. The infantry deployed in front of this and were soon attacked by the enemy, who made several gallant charges, and finally succeeded by outflanking our right, in driving them to the cover of the batteries, which now opened a terrific and destructive fire. The rebels retired before it, gave way and eventually fell back to the river.

It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The rebels showing a desire to renew the attack, and having brought three batteries to their assistance, Gen. Burnside fell back to a more desirable position, and again gave them battle. The contest continued, closing at nightfall, with our troops in possession of their own ground.

The object of the fight having been attained, and as the detention of the rebels had enabled our trains to get all in advance, our troops fell back during the night, and early Tuesday forenoon reached Knoxville, where a great battle is expected to be fought to-morrow.

Yesterday the rebel advance guard attacked our outposts upon the London and Clinton roads, and heavy skirmishing continued all day.

This afternoon the attack was resumed—when the fog, which set in during the night, had lifted.

The rebels, finding it impossible to drive our men with infantry, brought several guns into position, and poured in a flanking fire. In the afternoon they brought forward a heavy force of infantry once more, and after a brief skirmish changed our position. A terrific hand to hand conflict ensued, sabres and revolvers being used on both sides. Our men fought with the greatest gallantry, but were compelled to fall back about one-third of a mile to a strong line which they hold to-night.

We have to regret the wounding of Gen. Saunders and Capt. Sykes of the cavalry, who commanded the outposts. The condition of the latter is critical. Lt. Col. Smith of the 20th Michigan was killed at Campbell's station. Our loss at that fight was between 200 and 300. Our loss to-day will not exceed 150.

The enemy's loss on Monday, owing to the severe fire of our artillery, could not have been less than a thousand. Their loss to-day is estimated at 400 to 500.

Gen. Shackelford on Sunday had a brisk fight with the rebels on the other side of the Holsten, thirty-three miles from here. He kept them in check, and at night they disappeared.

Our men are in the best of spirits, and perfectly confident of success to-morrow.

Success of Gen. Averill in Western Virginia.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19. The following was received to-day at the headquarters of the army:

CUMBERLAND, MD., Nov. 18, 1863.

To Brig. Gen. Cullen, Chief of Staff:

Gen. Averill has arrived at New Creek, at or near Covington. He encountered and dispersed a portion of Imboden's command on their way to reinforce Echols. He captured twenty-five prisoners.

I am happy to inform you that there is not at this time any organized force of rebels within the borders of the new State of Western Virginia. I also send you a copy of the telegram just received from Gen. Sullivan.

(Signed) B. F. KELLY, Brig. General.

From New Orleans---Federal Disaster in the Teche county.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19. The steamer Creole from New Orleans 11th, has arrived. Further details from Teche relative to the attack on Washburn's advance, show that our loss in killed and wounded and prisoners was 677.

The 67th Indiana was captured, also most of the 60th Indiana, and the 96th Ohio lost heavily. The rebels outnumbered our forces five to one. We excelled them in artillery, which at short range, is supposed to have swept off large numbers of rebels.

Supplies for Union Prisoners at Richmond Received.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10. Every assurance has been given to the Christian Commission that stores sent to our Union sufferers in the Richmond prisons reach them.

Gen. Meredith, United States Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners at Fortress Monroe, engages to receive all supplies sent to his care by express, prepaid, and send them under a flag of truce to City Point. Commissioner Ould gives written assurances that they will be received at City Point and be delivered to the prisoners to whom they are addressed. Gen. Neal Dow and other reliable men among the prisoners will receive and distribute whatever is sent. The prisoners write that they have received the stores sent them.

The Christian Commission are making arrangements which lead to a hope that they will soon have their own delegate there to attend to, receive and distribute the stores, and do whatever they can to relieve and benefit our suffering men.

Sufferings of Federal Prisoners at Richmond.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19. The *Times'* Washington dispatch says: DeWitt C. Walter, an Indiana scout equal to Leatherstocking, captured just before Chickamauga, and paroled with 850 other Union prisoners, came here to-night, and tells among other things of absorbing interest, that the average number of deaths among our men in the Richmond hospitals is 43 a day, and that most of them get their death warrants on Belle Isle. That sandy desert is low and damp, swept by the winds and wrapped in fogs.

Our men are without blankets, and but one-third of them are sheltered in moth-eaten tents. All the starved sicken instantly, and run down with frightful rapidity. Four dogs, enticed to the island during the twenty days Walter was confined there, were quickly cooked and joyfully eaten. In the hospital to which he was transferred, his sole diet was corn-bread made up without salt. Not a beef animal has arrived at Richmond within twelve days. Virginia is swept of food; so are the border portions of North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky.

Complete Success of Gen. Banks' Expedition.

NEW YORK, 20th. Steamer Morning Star, from New Orleans 14 via Havana 16th, arrived to-night.

Gen. Banks' expedition to Texas has been a great success. Brazos Island, Brownsville and Point Isabel were captured and are now in our hands. The enemy threw away their guns and fled to San Antonio. The casualities on either side are not mentioned. No details of the operations have been received.

The reports of heavy fighting in Western Louisiana are untrue. There has been slight skirmishing, but nothing decisive.

Our forces are still in the vicinity of Vermillionville. Everything is quiet.

News from Gen. Burnside---His Position at Knoxville Impregnable.

NEW YORK, 20th. The *Post's* special Washington despatch says: "Advices have been received at the War Department this forenoon from Gen. Burnside. He says that his position is impregnable and he has no fear of the rebels under Longstreet.

LOUISVILLE, 19th. A private despatch received in this city yesterday forenoon, dated Knoxville, 19th, signed, "A. E. Burnside, Maj. Gen.," says, "We are all right yet."

The line is still interrupted between Knoxville and Cumberland Gap. Nothing was heard from the latter place last night, or to 11 o'clock today.

From Charleston---Rebel News of the Bombardment.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 18th contains the following:

CHARLESTON, 17th. Two of the monitors engaged are not seen this morning. A report from Moultrie states that the leading monitor in the fight had her smoke stack and turret perforated. Another report from Sumter states that four monitors took their position to-day near Cumming's Point and afterwards passed up the channel. It is believed that they carried heavy weights suspended at certain depths below the water to ascertain if there was passage for vessels of certain draft. The bombardment of Fort Sumter last night was continued as usual. Slow firing was going on this morning. The enemy fired twenty-five shots from Fort Gregg into the city, doing no material damage. It is reported that a gun burst at the last fire. There has been slow firing on Sumter all day. Present indications are that the enemy intend more extensive operations. No monitors were in action to-day. They have retired.

Distribution of Supplies at Richmond.

WASHINGTON, 20th. The *Star* of this evening, says: We learn by recent Richmond correspondence, between Robert Ould, rebel exchange commissioner, and General Meredith, our commissioner, that the rebels are executing their promise to give prisoners in their hands the food and everything our Government has forwarded.

Our Hospital Department here under Acting Surgeon General Bowes, has come forward to add medicines to the stores thus furnished to our suffering heroes in Richmond.

The rebels will not permit our agents to accompany the goods within their lines; substituting rebel commissaries in their stead.

From Chattanooga---The Safety of Gen. Burnside's Position Assured.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22d. The *Herald's* special Washington despatch of last evening, says little apprehensions are felt for the safety of General Burnside. The junction of Sherman with Thomas enables Grant to reinforce Burnside.

A Knoxville, Tenn., letter of the 7th to the *Herald*, mentions the fight between rebel and Union North Carolinians on Broad River, in which the latter whipped the former. During the fight many of the rebel regiments skedaddled to the Union ranks, and poured their fire into ther former comrades.

The *Post's* Washington letter of the 20th says: The War Department has advices from Gen. Burnside of to-day, and it is stated in official circles that they are encouraging, and that no fears of his safety need be entertained.

From the Army of the Potomac---Our Cavalry at Madison Court House---The Rebel Army Falling Back.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21st. The *Times'* Washington despatch says: We have intelligence from the front that our cavalry yesterday took possession of Madison Court House, and then advanced towards swift Run Gap in Blue Ridge. Several skirmishes occurred during the advance. A severe one took place at the crossing of Robertson's river. The rebels were driven from their position and across the Rapidan, and are falling back upon Richmond, on the two railroad lines, via Gordonsville to Lynchburg and via Fredericksburg and Hanover Junction.

The army of the Potomac is still moving southward. It occupies Madison Court Hous to-day, which looks like a flank movement. Pontoons went down last night, and if the enemy has really retreated from the Rapidan, they will be reached at once. Our cavalry it is said have already got into the rear of a portion of Lee's forces, and a battle is imminent.

No doubt has been felt among intelligent men for weeks, as to the result of an engagement between Gen. Meade and Gen. Lee. The fear has existed that Lee would escape from our troops, and it is not dissipated yet.

From the Texas Expedition---Operations in Western Louisiana.

NEW YORK, 21st. The *Tribune* has a letter dated MAZOO Santiago, Texas, Nov. 8th: Our fleet anchored on Sunday evening at BRAZOS, which fact soon became known at Brownsville early on Monday. The citizens gathered in groups in the streets, and discussed pro and con the policy of opposing manifest destiny. From the individual dissemination of ideas the assemblage adjourned to the general diffusion of bullets and bowie knife cuts. The Union refugees in Matamoras immediately hastened to the rescue, and the result as might be expected was one of those free fights of the Texas style.

The rebel sympathizers threw the guns of Fort Brown into the Rio Grande, burned the greater portion of the dwellings of Brownsville, and left the Union men in victorious possession. With all possible speed the cotton remaining on the Texan side was shipped across the river. When the cotton that belonged to the Confederate government had been ferried over a general destruction of all that remained took place.

The 94th Illinois raised their flag in Brownsville at ten o'clock on Thursday morning. Gen. Banks and staff arrived soon after.

At last advices seven regiments had reached Brownsville.

NEW YORK, 21st. The *Tribune's* New Orleans letter of the 14th says, toe greatest activity prevails in military matters. Heavy reinforcements will reach Gen. Dana ere this is published. The steamship Lieutenant Laury left Brashear City with troops last evening, and steamers Clinton, Crescent and Belvidere will follow almost simultaneously from this port. The original design was to move our forces down the Atchafalaya from Berwick Bay, a place rendered impracticable by the exceedingly limited depth of water over the oyster beds at the mouth.

Foreign News.

ONE DAY LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamship Teutonia from Southampton Nov. 5, passed Cape Race Nov. 14.

England.

The Confederate cotton loan was quoted at 64 a 66. The Bank of England has raised the rate of discount. Admiral Jones had notified the Federal steamer Kearsarge to leave Cork harbor within twenty-four hours. The commander refused, and the Kearsarge was coaling all Tuesday night. It is said that she is watching blockade runners at Cork.

BOMBAY, Oct. 14. The Alabama is cruising in the Bay of Bengal.

The Polish Question.

LEMBARG, Nov. 4. The insurgent corps numbering, it is said, 600 infantry and 230 cavalry, which advanced on Sunday into Polhynia, having been hard pressed by the Russians, laid down their arms. Yesterday in the district of Salkies in Gallica, 400 men with arms and munitions and upward of 100 horses, surrendered to the Austrians.

THORN, Nov. 5. It is stated on reliable authority that the Grand Duke Constantine will be relieved from his functions as Governor of Poland and will travel abroad. Gen. Berg is to be definitely appointed his successor.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The steamer Persia from Liverpool 7th and Queenstown 8th, arrived at New York, Nov. 19th.

The Emperor's Speech.

The most important and interesting portion of the Persian's news is the speech of the French Emperor, in which he proposes a Congress of Sovereigns for the settlement of the question now in dispute among the powers of Europe.

The London *Times* speaks thus of the speech of the Emperor of the French:

"Having proposed a Congress as the only escape from the dilemma of silence or war, he tells us that two ways are open; the one leads to progress through conciliation and peace, the other sooner or later conducts fatally to war by the obstinacy of maintaining a past, which is rapidly rolling away.

Unless then the Congress which he proposes actually meets, and unless its deliberations are crowned with that success which he anticipates for them, there is ultimately no alternative but war.

Does he mean that war is inevitable, except upon one condition, and that the condition upon which alone war can be avoided is impossible in the present imperfect state of human nature? If this be his meaning, the vision of his imaginary Congress fades away, the scene opens behind it, and discloses an army drawn up in order of battle."

Some of the English journals oppose a Congress on Poland, and ask if the Emperor really means that war is inevitable without one.

Vienna journals agree that the speech is calculated to increase uneasiness.

La France says that diplomatic overtures will follow the speech, and a European Congress may be considered as convoked.

A letter by Lord John Russell to the British Minister to Russia, dated Oct. 20, is published. It says that Her Majesty's Government has no wish to prolong the correspondence for the mere purpose of controversy; that Russia has special obligations with regard to Poland are contained in the same instrument, which confers the title of King of Poland on the Emperor of Russia.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 7—evening. The Laird ironclads have been valued by order of the Government, as follows: El Toussin at £106,000, and the El Mounassin at £80,000. It is said the Government wishes to buy them.

LONDON, Nov. 7, The Confederate loan is at 63 a 65.

The privateer Georgia captured some time before her arrival at Cherbourg, ship John Watts, from Maulmain for Cork, and Bold Hunter, from Dundee for Calcutta. It is not stated what she did with them. As she is reported to have boarded upward of ninety vessels shortly before arriving at Cherbourg, it is supposed that she captured more than is stated above.

STARVATION OF UNION PRISONERS—A CONTRAST. Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, Chaplain of the 10th Connecticut regiment, has recently arrived home from Richmond. The Hartford *Courant* publishes the following statements by Mr. Trumbull of the inhuman treatment of Union prisonres at Richmond:

"The accounts of the suffering of the Union prisoners have not been exaggerated in the Northern papers. A Confederate officer remarked to Mr. Trumbull on the cars coming north to Richmond, 'It is hard to say it to you, but your soldiers are dying of starvation in Richmond.' 'Belle Island,' said another Confederate officer, 'is a perfect slaughter pen for your men.' A large part of the men on the Island are without any shelter, sleeping uncovered on the sand in all weathers. The exposure, with the want of food, is killing them by hundreds. An officer, who had seen them frequently, describes them as generally emaciated, and perishing from exhaustion. There are about fourteen thousand Union prisoners at Richmond. On Wednesday last the rations which were served out to the officers in the Libby prison consisted of one piece of bread, made of unsifted corn meal, with a little flour in it, to each person. The piece measured five inches, by two and a half or three. This was the entire food for the day, the only drink being water. No coffee or tea, or anything of the sort, is ever given to them. The ration of meat for a long time had been only a quarter of a pound per day to a man, and on Wednesday that was cut off. Great difficulty proceeds from the scarcity of fuel for cooking.—Even when food has been procured it has been impossible to cook it. There is one small stove to about each hundred prisoners. These are in use all day, and each man eats his food when he gets a chance to cook it. One of our officers who had been in a hospital informed Mr. Trumbull that the average of deaths of our men, resulting from starvation and exposure, was about two a day in that hospital. Fourteen were brought in one night on the verge of starvation, nine of whom were carried out dead the next morning. Only within the last few weeks has the receipt of packages from our lines been allowed. But now the officers are getting packages, and such as receive them are having more comforts."

In contrast with the above, we publish the following extract of a letter from a rebel prisoner on Johnson's Island, addressed to a gentleman in New York:

"Our prison life here is far plesanter than we anticipated. I cannot speak in too high terms of the care, attention and good management displayed in the conduct of this prison by those who have it in charge. Every indulgence compatible with our position as prisoners is allowed us, and if, in the future of the war, changing fortunes should throw Federal prisoners in my charge, I shall certainly endeavor to show that I am not insensible to the magnanimous treatment I have experienced at their hands."

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTSR ON THE ST JOHN RIVER. The steamer Sunbury when about 25 miles from St. John, collapsed her boiler and immediately sunk. There were about fifty passengers on board at the time of the accident, and of these nine are known to be missing, besides six of the crew. Of the missing passengers who are known to be lost are Lockwood Burpee, of Sheffield; Miss Wilson, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Sheffield; Miss Atherton, daughter of Mr. Atherton, Fredericton, and John Levingston, Fredericton, and his brother. Mr. Tibbits, second engineer, is, with others of the crew, lost. The particulars of the disaster are thus given:

At about 9 o'clock the Sunbury arrived off Oak Point, where a passenger was to be put ashore, and the steamer slacked her speed for that purpose. Immediately on turning the steam on for the purpose of proceeding on her way again, the boiler gave way forward, knocking away berths, &c., and a portion it is thought passing through the bottom of the boat, causing a large opening through which the water rushed and the boat sank immediately in deep water. Several of the passengers who were lounging around the boat, were thrown overboard, and many of these it is thought were killed or drowned. The steamer had a schooner in tow, and the greater number of the passengers who were left on board the steamer managed to reach the schooner in safety, but those who had retired to their berths for the night, and that portion of the crew, which was below decks, went down with the wreck.

The hull of the Sunbury was new, and her boilers were thoroughly tested this summer by the inspectors. Want of water in the boiler is supposed to be the cause of the accident.

HUMANE SCIENCE.—*Interesting Case.* The Boston *Journal* reports a remarkable case of a gentleman wearing two of Palmer's Artificial Legs, who walked up three flights of stairs to the editorial room, and the humane deception was not even suspected. Such triumphs of skill are noteworthy.. Palmer & Co. have achieved a deservedly wide reputation, and this instance is only one of thousands. They are furnishing all disabled soldiers, free of charge.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$7 00 to 10 50	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Corn Meal,	1 12 to 1 25	Mutton,	6 to 7
Rye Meal,	1 25 to 1 35	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Chickens,	10 to 12
Rye,	1 25 to 1 30	Geese,	7 to 10
Corn,	1 15 to 1 20	Clover seed,	11 to 15
Barley,	1 10 to 1 15	Herdsgrass,	2 75 to 3 00
Beans,	2 25 to 2 50	Red Top,	75 to 80
Oats,	65 to 70	Hay,	18 00 to 20 00
Potatoes,	45 to 50	Lime,	1 00 to 1 05
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Fleece Wool,	50 to 75
Cooking "	25 to 50	Pulled Wool,	60 to 72
Winter "	40 to 62	Sheep Skins,	1 75 to 2 00
Butter	23 to 25	Hides,	8½ to 9
Cheese,	12 to 14	Calf Skins,	15 to 16
Eggs,	18 to 20	Lamb Skins,	1 50 to 2 25
Lard,	12 to 14	Wood, hard,	$6,00
Round Hog,	$7 00 to 7 50	Wood, soft,	$4,00

From the New England Farmer.

THE CATTLE MARKETS

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18, 1863.

The following is the amount of stock reported at market:

	Cattle.	*Sheep.*	*Stores.*	*Fat Hogs.*	*Veals.*
This week,	3449	6900	178	2000	—
Last week,	5214	7268	114	5400	—
One year ago, (Nov 20)	4413	7807	600	7000	—

PRICES.

BEEVES—First quality, $7,75@8,00 ₱ Per 100 lbs. on the total Second do. 6,75@7,50 } weight of hide, tallow and Third do. 5,00@6,50 } dressed beef.

Extra, $8,25@8,50. Premium west $8.75 @ 9.

Working Oxen—$70@150, or according to their value as beef.

Stores—Yearlings, $10@14; two-year-olds, $15@27; three-year-olds $30@35.

Sheep—3½@6½ ₱ lb. on live weight; in lots $3,75@5,50.

Lambs—$3.25@4,25 each.

Milch Cows—$25, 30, 40@55. Ordinary, $15@20.

Swine—Stores, wholesale, 5 @ 7c; retail 5½ @ 8c. Live fat hogs, distillery 6c; corn-fed, 6½@6¾c.

Hides—8@9c. Calf Skins, 14c. Tallow, 8@8½c. Pelts $1,75 @2.00.

Pelts—$1 75@2 00.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Cattle.	*Sheep.*		*Cattle.*	*Sheep.*
Maine,	946	1155	Northern N. York.	139	332
New Hampshire,	436	604	Western States,	454	—
Vermont,	1120	2929	Canada,	288	2228
Massachusetts,	66	52	Total,	3449	6900

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

N Morrill 118, J D Willis 77, Luke Brown 45, J A York 36, Spencer & Hexter 36, Geo Drew 26, S Cannon 50, J F Conner 33, Daniel Wells 24, A Maxfield 17, J Frost 15, W Merrifield 6, H Lawrence 9, S Chick 17, J R Basset 7, J E Ashford, 10, Grant & Goding 68, F C Dimock 62. D G Stevens 56, John B Sanderson 10, Philbrook & Twitchell 95.

STORE CATTLE. A large proportion of the working oxen and young cattle at this market, known as "stores," come from the State of Maine, which also sends here many large and well-fed beef oxen. The appearance of the stock indicates that some of her farmers are paying increased attention to the improvement of breeds, as well as to the subject of "feeding." The following sales are all of Maine cattle, and mostly stores:

Gid. Wells says Brighton market is getting very tough—did much better on the 12th that he sold in Portland than on the 11th that he brought here. For 40 of his best oxen, such as he sold three or four weeks ago at 8c, he had to take off a shaving from one pair to make the lot pass at 7c ₱ lb; one pair 7¾, five-year-old workers, $150, one pair 6 ft. 8 in. 4-year-old oxen, at $100 2-year-olds $115 and $23 each, &c.

J. S. Richardson sold 10 two-year-olds at $21 each, 4 for $110, and 19 at $18 ₱ head; 10 yearlings at $12 and 8 at $13 each.

J. D Willis sold 10 three-year-olds for $26 each, and 20 yearlings for $12 ₱ head.

Luke Brown sold one pair of oxen, 7 ft. 7 in., for $160, good for work and good beef, to dress 2100 lbs. if butchered; 2 pairs of 6 ft. 5 in., 4-year-old oxen, for $80 ₱ pair; one pair, 6 ft. 10 in., 5-year-olds, for $125, and two pairs 6 ft. 10 in., 4-year-olds, for $130 ₱ pair.

Grant & Goding sold 6 ft. 6 in. workers from $110 to $120, and 6 ft. 9 in. workers from $135 to $145; 9 yearlings for $100; 6 two-year-olds at $17; one milch cow $45 and offered another at the same price.

F. C. Dimock sold 3 yearlings for $13 each, and two for $16 each, and two-year-olds at from $15 to $25 ₱ head.

SHEEP AND LAMBS FROM MAINE.

H Lawrence 120, S Chick 240, Littlefield & Verplast 213, S Randlett 104, D G Rich 257, Copp & Ratchiff 120

LIVE POULTRY. At Cambridge over two loads to Harrison Swan and one ton to J. Russell, 9 to 10c ₱ lb. Poultry doesn't seem to keep pace with gold in its onward march.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, Nov. 21, 1863.

APILES. Green Apples continue to come in quite freely, and sales continue to be made at $2 00@2 75 ₱ bbl. Fruit is generally in good condition. Dried Apples remain quiet and steady at 7@8c for Sliced and Cored.

GRAIN. Corn continues to entertain a strong upward tendency, the market closing firm at $1 12@1 15 for Western mixed. Southern Yellow we quote nominally $1.15@1.18, as there is little if any in the market. On Thursday there was a sale of 12,0 bushels mixed on the track at $1.12. Oats are firm at further advance, sales are freely made at 70c. Barley is active at $1.10@1 25. Rye continues in moderate demand at $1.10 @1.15 ₱ bushel. Shorts are steady at recent advances, and we continue to quote $35@36, and fine filed $38@90 ₱ ton.

HAY. We now quote good pressed $18 00@18.50 ₱ ton, and loose, which has been coming in quite freely, is now selling at $18 50@19 00 ₱ ton.

PRODUCE. The produce market continues active, and prices well sustained. Eggs have again advanced, and are firm at 24 @ 26 ₱ dozen. Potatoes remain firm at $1.65@1.75 ₱ barrel. Chickens are quite plentiful at 12@14c ₱ lb. Turkeys are in limited supply, and sell at 14@16c. Ducks and Geese are scarce as yet, and prices nominal. Lamb is steady at 9@9½c ₱ lb.

WOOL. Prices remain steady at 72 @ 82c for pulled, and 60 @ 65c for fleece. Pelts $1.70 @ 1.75. The New York Price Current says, "Both Foreign and Domestic have ruled quiet since the public sale of last week, though a very firm tone pervades the market, and sellers have the advantage so far as desirable lots are concerned.

WOOD. Dry hard wood continues to command high prices, and the market is not very liberally stocked. We now quote $9 @ 9.50 ₱ cord for best quality, and $8 @ 6 for soft wood.—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET....Nov. 21.

Flour—The market is steady and firm for Flour, and the sale have been by $5,75 @ $6.25 for Western superfine; $6,75 @ $7,00 for common extras; $7,25 @ $8,00 for medium do.; and $8,25 @ $11,00 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis

CORN—Western mixed, $1,23; Yellow, $1,28 ₱ bushel.

OATS—Northern and Canada,84 @ 84c ₱ bushel.

RYE—$1 15 ₱ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15} @ $16.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool, 65 @ 75 ₱ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Nov. 23.

Flour—State and Western heavy and lower—Super. State, 6,05; extra State $6,15 a 6,55; choice, 6.60 a 6,85; round hoop Ohio 7.55 a 7,60; choice 7,65 a 9,50; superfine Western 6,05 a 6,25; common to good extra Western 7 20 a 7,70; Southern dull and unch'd—mixed to good 7,69 a 8,20; fancy and extra, 8,25 a 10,00.

Wheat is better and 1 a 2 cents higher—Chicago spring 1,43 a 1,46; Milwaukie club 1,42 @ 1 44; red winter western $1 52 @ $1,59; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c better—mixed western $1,23 @ $1,24

Barley—Sales at 140 to 160.

Special Notices.

[From the Richmond Whig.]

The Charleston *Courier* makes a timely suggestion in recommending the attention of our government to the naturalization and cultivation of Calisaya, for the preservation of the health of our soldiers. This article has a peculiar effect upon the liver, and guards the system against disease by exposure and irregular diet. It is said that the great success of the Plantation Bitters of Dr. Drake, which, previous to our unhappy difficulities was found in most Southern homes, was owing to the extract of Calisaya Bark which it contained as one of its principal ingredients. "In confirmation of this, we have heard one of our most distinguished physicians remark, that whenever he felt unwell from ordinary dietetic or atmospheric causes, he invariably relieved himself by Plantation Bitters. Now that these Bitters cannot be obtained, a substitute should be prepared. We understand our government has opened negotiations with Dr. Drake, through a secret agent, but with what truth we do not know."

We are exceedingly obliged to the Richmond *Whig* for its remembrance of "Auld Lang Syne," but we can assure "Our Government," that the Plantation Bitters are not for sale to any "secret agents," North or South. There is probably several other things that "Our Government" will get want.

We know that we have the best and most popular medicine in the world. We are not afraid to show what it is composed of.

Physicians are compelled to recommend it.

CALISAYA BARK has been celebrated for over two hundred years, and was sold during the reign of Louis XVI, King of France, for the enormous price of its own weight in silver. It is remarkable for Dyspepsia, Fevers, Weakness, Constipation, &c.

CASCARILLA BARK. For Diarhea, Colic, and diseases of the stomach and bowels.

DANDELION. For Inflammation of the Loins and Dropsical Affections.

CHAMOMILE FLOWERS. For enfeebled digestion.

LAVENDER FLOWERS. Aromatic, stimulant and tonic—highly invigorating in nervous debility.

WINTERGREEN. For Scrofula, Rheumatism, &c.

ANISE. An aromatic carminative; creating flesh, muscle and milk; much used by mothers nursing.

Also, clove-buds, orange, caraway, coriander, snake-root, &c

S.—T.—1860—X.

Another wonderful ingredient, of Spanish origin, imparting beauty to the complexion and brilliancy to the mind, is yet unknown to the commerce of the world, and we withhold its name for the present.

Humbugs and quacks howl about the Plantation Bitters; but the following is what's the matter, and they know it:

PLANTATION BITTERS CURE
Cold Extremities and Feverish Lips.
Sour Stomach and Fetid Breath.
Flatulency and Indigestion.
Nervous Affections.
Excessive Fatigue and Short Breath.
Pain over the Eyes.
Mental Despondency.
Prostration, Great Weakness.
Sallow Complexion, Weak Bowels.
LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA.

Very particularly recommended to Clergymen, Merchants, Lawyers, and persons of sedentary habits. Also for delicate females and weak persons who require a gentle stimulant, free digestion, good appetite and clear mental faculties.

Sold by all respectable Physicians, Druggists, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons, Country Stores, &c.

Be particular that each bottle bears the fac-similie of our signature on a steel-plate label, with our private government stamp over the cork.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.
202 BROADWAY.

Sold by all respectable Druggists, Physicians, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons and country dealers. eop6m38

HAIR DYE! HAIR DYE!!

BATCHELOR'S celebrated HAIR DYE *is the best in the World.* The only harmless, true and reliable Dye known. This splendid Hair Dye is perfect—changes Red, Rusty or Grey Hair, instantly to a *Glossy Black* or *Natural Brown*, without injuring the hair or staining the skin, leaving the hair soft and beautiful; imparts fresh vitality, frequently restoring its pristine color, and rectifies the ill effects of Bad Dyes. The Genuine is signed WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR, all others are mere imitations, and should be avoided. Sold by all Druggists, &c. FACTORY—81 BARCLAY STREET, N. Y.

Batchelor's New Toilet Cream for Dressing the Hair. 1y30

TREATMENT OF DISEASES

OF THE CHEST, THROAT, RESPIRATORY ORGANS AND NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

DR ALPHONSE WOLF, (de Paris,) who has been a practising physician in New York city for the past eight years, informs his patrons and the public that he has returned from a visit to the hospitals of Paris and London, and has resumed his practice.

Dr. Wolf's successful treatment of the above diseases, besides Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c., &c., is well known, and can be attested by most respectable parties. He can be consulted personally, from 7 to 10 A. M., 3 to 6 P. M., and correspondence by mail promptly attended to.

DR. A. WOLF, 832 Broadway, New York.

☞ See a woman in another column picking Sambuci Grapes for Speer's Wine. It is an admirable article, used in hospitals and by the first families in Paris, London and New York, in preference to old Port Wine. It is worth a trial, as it gives great satisfaction. 81f

Married.

In this city, Nov. 21, by M. Cunningham, Esq., Stephen H. Abbott, of Winslow, to Esther J. Cain of Vassalboro'.

In Kents Hill, Nov. 22, by Rev. H. P. Torsey, LL. D., James D. Means of Manchester, to Sara B. Taylor of Sidney.

In Litchfield, Nov. 19th, by Rev. Elias Coy, Daniel F. Fuller of West Gardiner, to Clara A. Jack of Litchfield.

In Norridgewock, Isaac W. Stevens of Smithfield, to Fannie Merrow of Mercer.

In Biddeford, Cyrus Means to Hannah Milliken, both of Saco.

In Calais, Lyman C. Bailey, Esq., to Carrie Downes.

In Columbia, Vinal B. Chandler of Addison, to Abbie Bagley of Jonesport.

In Waterville, Henry F. D. Wyman to Delia A. Crowell, both of Belgrade.

In Gray, Elkanah Walker to Abby C. Ingersoll, both of Yarmouth.

In Topsham, Charles Pierce of Brunswick, to Sarah M. Sprague of Topsham.

In Bangor, Stover P. Gross to Mrs. Nancy M. Atwood.

In Belfast, N. B. Allenwood, Esq., of Belmont, to Miss Rosina Hanson.

In Rockland, Lieut. John F. Perry to Olive A. Fiske, both of South Thomaston.

In Eden, Nahum Cousins to Julia A. Bartlett, of Mt. Desert.

In Ellsworth, Luther Moore to Sarah Garland.

In Fran

Poetry.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

I.

Almighty, hear us, while we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,
That Thou hast given the human race
So bright, so fair a dwelling place.

II.

That when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in Thy forming hand,
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed
A beam of Heaven upon its breast.

III.

Then towered the hills, and broad and green
The vale's deep pathway sank between,
Then stretched the plain to where the sky
Stoops and shuts in the imploring eye.

IV.

And stately groves beneath Thy smile
Rose on the continent and isle;
And fruits came forth and blossoms glowed,
And fountains gushed and rivers flowed.

V.

Thy hand outspread the billowy plains
Of ocean, nurse of genial rains,
Hung high the glorious sun, and set
Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

VI.

Lord, teach us, while the unasted gaze,
Delighted, on Thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here
But shadows of a brighter sphere.

BRYANT.

Our Story-Teller.

THE BURDEN.

I have lately consulted a great many important historical records, all of them relating to that far-off period when the elfin people yet lingered upon earth, and vouchsafed some word or sign in answer to those who sought their counsel in perplexity, or their aid in sorrow, and I have taken the legend about to be related from the most veracious and authentic sources, hoping that it may please and amuse those who are not too fancy-hardened to receive, at least for the moment, the pretty mysteries of fairy-faith. It happened, long ago, of course, antiquity being all-important in a fairy tale—that a certain stream of water, among the heath-clad hills of a northern county in England, bore the name of the Enchanted Spring; and, further, it was reported that the spot, so quiet in the day time, was haunted at night by fairy footsteps, and gay with elfin revelry. On this account it was usually shunned after nightfall by the peasantry of the neighborhood, who preferred to return by a circuitous road to their respective homes, rather than to run the risk of encountering and disturbing the beings supposed to people and claim that little spot of ground. A half-ruined homestead might be seen at a little distance from the Enchanted Spring, out of repair and unoccupied, because no one chose to intrude upon the haunt of the fairies, by living so very near their chosen meeting-place. Their displeasure was greatly feared, as it was well known that the property of a person who had once been so unfortunate as to offend them was forthwith marked out for destruction; that his cattle died and his fields were blighted. Accordingly, it was considered wise to keep upon the safe side, and on no account to run the risk of interfering with the "good people." After a time it happened that a countryman, newly married, and in search of a suitable home, came to the neighborhood, and quickly espied the dilapidated house upon the hill, which he saw might be soon made into a very convenient residence, much such an one as he required. He planned in his own mind how he would lay out the ground, and in what manner a judicious succession of crops might be arranged; he saw where the beasts could be herded, and where the young lambs could lie beneath the hill-side, secure from the cold northerly winds of early spring. He saw the gaunt and windowless house that frowned down upon him from its height, snugly glazed and curtained, bright with the cheerful firelight, swept, and garnished, and home-like; he saw, or fancied that he might see, children's faces at the windows, and little hands stretched out to welcome him back after his day's work.

His reverie resulted in certain questions, addressed to the owner of the ground, about the value of the house, and the necessary amount of repairs, and he was glad at heart, but rather surprised notwithstanding, to find that the landlord appeared ready to get rid of the house almost on any terms, and to include in the bargain a good portion of the surrounding land. Then a shade of suspicion crossed his mind, and once or twice he asked himself the question—"Is the ground unfruitful, or the site unhealthy, or does some other grave subject threaten me?"

At length he determined to leave the matter unsettled for a little time, and to endeavor to find out the truth of the case, by making inquiries in the neighborhood.

He was not left long in doubt. Wherever he asked he received the same answer—the ground good, the air was healthy, the situation was convenient; but the spring so near the house was of old a haunt of the elfin people, upon whose solitude few mortals were so bold as to intrude, lest blighted crops and stricken cattle should mark the fairies' displeasure at their presumption.

The mystery being thus explained, he was for a time in doubt as to the most fitting course to be pursued. On the one hand, it was undoubtedly a pity to miss so good a chance of establishing himself suitably, and at so small a cost; and, on the other, it would be sheer madness to disturb his elfin neighbors, if their displeasure, followed by such very serious results, really threatened him for doing so. Finally he decided, like a sensible man as he was, to consult his wife, and abide by her decision. She listened attentively to the circumstances, asking first about the commodiousness of the house and farm, and about the necessary repairs, and the bargain with the landlord, for she was a clear-headed and practical woman. Being quite satisfied on all these points, she next demanded the distance of the house from the enchanted spring—the possibility of fencing it in, and securing it from intrusion—and the proofs that existed of the fairies' displeasure having ever been excited by the presence of considerate and respectful neighbors of the human race. On this last point she found very little that was calculated to alarm her, all cases of fairy vengeance on record having originated in some wilful disrespect or ill-behavior to them; and this fact especially gave the good woman courage and hope. She ended by seriously advising her husband to close the bargain and to repair and occupy the house—being careful all the time, by every means in his power, to propitiate the haunters of the spring.

So the agreement was concluded, and the repairs were commenced, and after a time the dismantled old house began to look as if it was getting ready to receive human occupants; boarding, glazing, whitewashing went on from morning till night, and after many days the new tenants took up their abode in it, and called upon their friends and neighbors to rejoice with them at a great house-warming. Some words of fear and warning were whispered about on this occasion, but the young wife only smiled at them. "We will show all respect to the elfin people" she said, "and they will do us no harm; on the contrary, I expect from them some added blessing, for they are a kindly race, and not without an interest in the affairs of mortals." Her neighbors only shook their heads, and repeated, "Time will tell!"

Weeks and months passed away, and the inmates of the Hill Farm found no cause for alarm from the vicinity of their fairy neighbors: the crops grew tall and the cattle throve—no blight visited their plantations—and neither moth or rust ravaged their indoor possessions. It is true that they were scrupulously careful to give no offense to the fairy-folk—the mistress of the house in particular being vigilant to prevent the smallest intrusion on their domain. A small fence of light wood-work guarded the Enchanted Spring from careless footsteps, and water for household needs was fetched from some little distance, that the spring might never be disturbed. At night no prying eye was ever suffered to look upon its mysteries, only the quiet stars glanced down upon it, and saw themselves reflected in its bubbling waters. Perhaps they saw more than this; but if so, they were discreet, and never spoke of it again.

The wheat stood high in the fields, and waves of light and shade swept over it, as the clouds were driven on before the wind; then the ears grew heavy, and drooped downward from their stalks, and then the golden grain fell before the reapers. When the last sheaf had been gathered in, and the broad, bright harvest-moon sailed up the sky, and looked down upon bare and closely-cut stubble, with a few late gleaners still scattered here and there, the master told his men that the sunny hours of this happy harvest-time had brought a blessing to his home. Not alone were the barns and store-houses filled to overflowing with a golden hoard of corn; not alone were the signs of present and future prosperity springing round the Hill Farm—a little child had been born within its walls, to inherit the fruits of all this patient labor; and the master's heart was very glad, and the reapers, assembled round the great oak table in the supper-room, sang the harvest song more softly than they were wont to do.

When the last good wishes had been spoken, and the last lingerer had departed, the master went softly up stairs to look again at the little child. It was a girl. He had greatly wished for a son, whom he could train up to follow his own business, and to whom in years far distant now, but surely creeping on, he could confide all the cares that would grow too heavy for him. Now as he looked at his little daughter he would not have changed for a son, if he could have done so, for in those few hours his love had claimed and individualized her, and the little features that would so soon change and develop into something different, were already closely noted and engraven on his heart.

As he turned to leave the room, the mother's voice recalled him; he had thought that she was asleep.

"We will call her Pearl," she said, "for she is very fair."

"That is scarcely a Christian name," he answered; "it would please our fairy friends at the spring better than the minister."

"I hope to please them," said the mother, earnestly: "I shall take the child at night to the Enchanted Spring before very long, and seek from them some special grace or blessing for her,"

"Would this be wise?" he asked; "we have prospered while we have kept away from their haunts; we might risk their displeasure by venturing to disturb them. The child is strong, and very fair, as you say, her inheritance increases, has increased this very day; what more do you desire for her?"

"Well, nothing in particular; perhaps it was a foolish thought, and I might as well give it up," answered the mother, who had not the smallest idea of giving it up, and only wished to quiet her husband's apprehensions. She said nothing more about her cherished plan, but she very quickly found an opportunity of carrying it out. One autumn evening, when the early twilight was deepening into night, the master was detained later than usual from his home, for this had been a market day; the servants and farm-laborers too, were all out of sight, when the mistress left the Hill Farm, with her little child in her arms, encircled with many wrappings, and well protected from the evening air. She passed quickly onward, keeping as much in the shadow as she could, that no one might see her or guess her errand, and soon the little wooden fence stood before her that closed in the spring. A star or two was shining faintly in the sky; otherwise all was dusk and dim, and her courage almost failed as she knocked at the wood-work of the fence. This was what she had resolved to do, that she might give no offense, by presuming to look over it; but now she felt that nothing she could have seen, had she ventured to do so, could have chilled her with such a sense of fear as this determination to see nothing at all. Her low and half frightened knock startled her, as if her own heart had been struck, and she waited but one moment for an answer, resolving to hasten back the next if no answer came, almost hoping that none would come. In this however, she was disappointed; a slight fluttering stir followed the sound of the knock, and then a voice, strangely human-like in its sweetness asked gently—

"Who knocks?"

Something in the voice re-assured her, and she readily repeated the answer she had prepared beforehand.

"A mother with her little chi'd."

She expected to be questioned further; but, instead of this, there was a soft whispering, and a moment of silence; then a portion of the wood-work gave way, and she caught a glimpse of what seemed to be a kind of cloudy palace built over the Enchanted Spring, and it shone very brightly among the evening shadows, for there was the kind of light upon it that the moon leaves on the edge of a white cloud. She saw a movement within, but no distinct face or form; only two white arms were stretched out over the piece of fallen fence, as if to take the child from her, and the same voice that had spoken before said, "Come in, little Pearl," and the baby stirred as if awakened from sleep.

A new dread caused the mother to hold her little child more firmly, and to draw back a step or two from the arms that seemed ready to take it from her. Was it to receive some mystic sign, some strange and elfin baptism, within the magic circles across which she might not follow it? Would the same child, or another, be returned to her? Would it be returned at all, or kept among the haunters of the spring? Such fears as these again made her regret that she had ventured near the spot, and she answered quickly—

"She cannot come in; she must not leave me for a moment."

The voice replied, "Let it be so;" and almost at the same moment she heard a sound as of a hand dipped lightly into the water of the spring; she heard this, and then she felt a drop or two of water fall upon her, and she saw a great many drops falling upon the face of the little child. Then the voice repeated, "Go in peace; some added blessing, some special token, marks our love for her," and the mother stayed no longer near the spring, but quickly returned to her home, pleased indeed, but even more alarmed at her own boldness than pleased at its success.

Her husband had come back from the market, and was sitting beside the fire, and he asked her anxiously why, at such an hour, she had left the house with her child? She answered hurriedly, that the twilight had fallen quickly while she yet lingered in the fields; and he was so slow to guess a truth withheld from him, that the answer satisfied him at once. But she could not rest until the whole matter had been confided to him, and soon she told it all, and showed him the drops of the Enchanted Spring, shining yet upon the little baby's forehead. Very thoughtfully, and with a face of grave forboding, he listened to the account of all she had seen and heard, and then he wiped away those glittering drops, saying as he did so, "Think no more of it; it may do no harm." But the mother knew from his voice, even more than from his words, that he expected no good from the fairy baptism. Perhaps he thought that the dwellers by the spring would surely be displeased by the kind of half-confidence his wife had shown in them; perhaps he looked upon her appeal to them as something unhallowed and unwise; it was evident that he regretted the step she had taken, and that, as it could not be recalled, he preferred to think and talk of it as little as possible.

Partly to humor him, and partly because she felt half guilt in this matter, she too was silent about it, but she thought of it almost continually. In the morning, while busied with the affairs of her household, in the evening, as she sat beside the fire with her baby on her knee, in the night, when all other eyes were closed, and the great clock upon the staircase ticket solemnly through the silence—she thought of the fairy scene, and built up in her fancy the future destiny of her child. She repeated to herself over and over again—"Some added blessing, some special token," and she wondered whether beauty, or riches, or great talents, or great goodness would descend upon her child, and mark the love of the elfin race for her; whichever it might be, her mother's courage and determination would have won it for her, and her father would understand this at last. On the whole she was inclined to think that beauty must be the boon, for the face of the little child grew very fair to look upon, and her soul seemed to look at one through her eyes, as a luminous star looks out through the blue that enshrines it. Every one remarked the beauty of little Pearl, and before the first year of her life was over her name had become a kind of proverb in the neighborhood.

Time passed on, and Pearl could run about and play with the village children; all through the long summer days she chased the butterflies or gathered the wild flowers on the hill-side, never going nearer to the Enchanted Spring than the enclosing wood-work permitted. When the hand of autumn fell upon the woods—arraying them as the Patriarch arrayed his best-loved son, in a robe of many colors—she might still be seen upon the green ascent of the hill, collecting the slender harebells and the fragrant briar-roses. The winter set in, clear and frosty, and Pearl—on bright and sunny days—ran about on the sheltered side of the hill, and watched the shining icicles in the frost-bespangled meshes of the spider's web, soon running back to the warmth and shelter of the house. It happened one chill and wintry afternoon—when the milk-pails were brought home covered with thin sheets of ice—that little Pearl stayed away longer than she was wont to do, and could not be found neither in the warm and fragrant cow-houses, nor on the steep ascent of the hill, and her mother, missing her for a longer time than usual, went out to look for her. For some minutes she saw no trace of the child; then, as she glanced in the direction of the spring, she perceived that a portion of the wood-work had fallen down, so that a child could walk over it up to the water; she remembered the curiosity of little Pearl about the fenced and guarded spring, she remembered how she had inquired when she would be tall enough to look over the fence, and with a vague sense of dread that was more oppressive because it took no definite form, she called to one of the farm-laborers, who stood near the spring, to see if Pearl had gone through the broken place in the fence. As the man walked up to the opening, she strove to follow, but her limbs trembled and failed, and she stood still where she was, waiting to hear him speak.

The man walked up to the fence, and then for moment he stood still; in another instant he stepped over the fallen woodwork and was lost to sight; then he appeared again with a soft white bundle in his arms. At the first glimpse that she caught of it the mother's heart stood still, for she knew the little cloak of white fur, and she saw upon it a dark red stain. * * *

In the warm farm-house, surrounded by anxious and awe-stricken faces, Pearl opened her eyes and moved uneasily with an expression of pain. Many days passed away before she was able to talk connectedly, and then she could only tell that, seeing the fence thrown open, she had strayed within the inclosed part, and had fallen down, remembering nothing more. The laborer who had found her asserted that the water, which usually never froze, was one unbroken sheet of ice, and that Pearl must have stepped upon its slippery surface and fallen down, from the spot and position in in which he had found her.

The snows were melting from the hill, and winter was giving way to spring when Pearl was first able to walk about again; and those who saw her now could scarcely identify her with her former self, for the injury she had sustained by her fall upon the ice had resulted in permanent and hopeless deformity. Her face, worn as it was by long suffering, and stamped with the peculiar impress of her misfortune, had yet scarcely lost any of its beauty, or if it had, a certain look of patience and quiet resignation quite supplied the loss. But her figure was injured incurably, so that even her shadow upon the wall seemed strange and unfamiliar to her.

And from this time she cared little to play about the hill side with the village children, or to watch the gay carriages and coaches that sometimes passed along the road, shrinking sensitively away from the observation of strangers, and liking better to stay with her mother, and to help her in such household tasks as were not beyond her strength. And out of the shadow which had fallen on their home, a great love grew for her, silent and strong as death itself—stronger than the love that had triumphed in her beauty, and exulted in comparing her with others; for she was all their own now, and as the years of early childhood passed away, all her thoughts, and wishes, and aspirations turned homeward, away from that outer world with which she did not care to mingle.

A thought that sometimes made itself felt unwittingly, weighed upon her father; he had from the first foreboded some expression of freakish and elfin spite from the dwellers by the spring, and he could not help tracing the misfortune that had befallen Pearl to what he considered as her mother's unwise and unsuccessful attempt to propitiate them; the mother, on the contrary, believing that the token of love and fairy friendship to be bestowed upon her child would probably consist in the removal of her misfortune at some future time. But they scarcely ever allowed these opinions to take shape in words or arguments; the subject was felt to be too sad for this—a matter rather for tender silence. And when they were obliged to speak of Pearl's deformity, they called it her "burden," so that a stranger would not easily have interpreted their meaning; but their neighbors were familiar with the expression, and they learnt to speak sorrowfully of the burden of little Pearl.

Months and years sped swiftly on, and the dawn of coming womanhood touched the face that was still so beautiful, despite the mark of occasional suffering, and the peculiar look that accompanies deformity. Yet a little while longer, and the cloud of soft and sun-tinged hair that had fallen loose upon her neck was gathered up into one rich cluster at the back of her head, according to old English custom among the village maidens who are no longer children. Some added thoughtfulness, some transient shades of sadness, might at this time have been noted by one who observed her closely, but the scrutiny would also have made manifest much of the sweet wisdom and unquestioning trust of childhood, still unsullied by the world.

It was midsummer, and though the glory of the year had scarcely reached its zenith, and its stores were not yet unfolded, the days were at their longest, and the nights were so bright that they were more like overshadowed days. Pearl was sitting in the doorway, where the evening air blew in upon her, laden with the scent of the fragrant hay, her fingers mechanically occupied with her knitting work, her eyes following the movements of the busy haymakers, eager to complete their task before the night set in, watching them with a kind of dawning smile, "as if a pleasant thought were at her heart." She was looking at the merry group so intently, that for a few moments she was not aware of the presence of her mother, who had entered the porch softly, and was now close to her side. As some slight movement of hers made Pearl half turn her head, and she caught the look of interest, quite unshadowed by vain repining, with which Pearl had been watching the pleasant labors she might not share, some of the mothers love for her suddenly overflowed, and she knelt down beside the low rocking chair, and hid her face on Pearl's shoulder. Pearl knew it was easier for her to bear her burden than for those who loved her to look on, without any power of helping her, and she was wise enough only to answer the expression of her mothers trouble by a quiet caress, for anything she could have said just then would only have awakened some fresh sorrow. She felt, too, as if her mother had something more than usual to say to her, and she waited for her to speak.

At last the mother spoke. "Dear child," she said, softly, and with her face still hidden, "do you know—have you ever heard—that long ago, when your little life had just begun, I carried you in my arms to the Enchanted Spring, to seek from the elfin race some added blessing for my first born".

"I have heard something of this mother," Pearl answered, "and I guessed something more."

You guessed, my child, as your father does, that I failed to propitiate them—that I angered them instead—and that, therefore, this sad burden fell upon you?"

"No, indeed, mother," Pearl hastily interrupted; "I never guessed anything of the kind, but only that my father thought this, and that he must be mistaken; for I know that the kind and gentle race who linger yet on green hillsides like this are not to be dreaded, but rather loved, by mortals, I know that they love me, although I have never seen them yet, or listened to the music of their voices; but in dreams I have been dimly aware of their protecting love; and only this evening, as I was resting here a while ago, a drowsiness came over me that was not altogether sleep, and it seemed as if I could see golden threads stretching from the spring to the spot on which I was lying; when I made an effort and opened my eyes, I could see them no longer, but when I closed them the threads of gold appeared again, seeming to bind me in some way to the dwellers by the spring."

The mother had risen, and stood upright now, listening earnestly.

"Pearl," she said, at last, "it is as I thought; they love you and watch over you; should you be afraid? it will not be very dark to-night——?"

She paused, half in doubt.

"No, mother," Pearl answered, I should not be afraid to claim a token of their love that they promised to give me, but it may be very different from what we think. Be sure of one thing, that no evil will befall me."

That night Pearl lingered in the porch later than usual and then strayed out upon the cool hill side; her father missed her at the supper table, and again, he asked for her when supper was over and the household was about to disperse for the night; but her mother bade him wait a little while longer by the open window, and watch for Pearl's return from her evening stroll.

Soon the honeysuckles rustled in the porch, and a step—the slow and languid step that they knew so well—that always smote with such strange pathos on their hearts, crossed the kitchen floor and ascended the steps that separated the inner from the outer room. And when Pearl laid aside her broad straw hat, and came forward into the light, they looked at her with that kind of saddened pride that they always felt in her beauty—for Pearl was very fair—thinking of what she would have been if this burden had not fallen upon her. And as they looked at her more closely, they saw that a change had come over her—that new and earnest thoughts had taken hold of her—and for awhile had drawn away her attention from outward things; and when they spoke to her they could see that the sound of their voices recalled her to her old familiar life; but as she turned to answer them, they saw that some new perception, some late experience, some wider knowledge had come to her suddenly. Then the father guessed what the mother knew already, that by the light of fairy-faith she had read, or sought to read the secrets of her lot.

"Pearl," he said, "may we know—may you tell us—what you have seen to-night?"

She smiled. "I may tell you," she answered; "it is well to tell you this. In the dusk of the summer twilight, with no feeling of fear, I crossed by myself the boundary that no careless foot is suffered to pass—the boundary between the common hill-side and the steep path leading to the spring. I was preparing to knock at the woodwork of the fence, but a portion of it gave way as I approached, and opened like a door, and a voice that sounded familiar to me called for me to enter. I went in, and I saw dim and shadowy outlines of moving figures round the spring, indistinctly, for the night was hastening on; only the spring itself shone clear and bright, like a silver looking-glass, and a few faintly shining stars that were struggling through the mist, looking bright and large, reflecting in its depths. Than a voice bade me look down into the spring for the answer to that unspoken question that I had within my heart, and I looked. I saw a little baby lying in a cradle, so fair that it almost looked like the baby modelled in white marble in the chancel of the church; but it had a bloom upon its little face, like the first color that the ripening fruit steals from the sun."

"That was, surely, the likeness of Pearl herself," said her father; "long ago our baby Pearl looked like that."

"I saw shadowy forms round the cradle," Pearl continued, "like the elfin figures that I could see moving near me, and they seemed to look down at it sadly, as foreboding some sorrow to the child. A breath of air rippled the spring, and now I saw a little girl playing with other children; she was fairer than the rest, and I could see, from her looks and movements, that she had been told this too often—that she knew it far too well. I did not like so well to look at her as at the baby, yet I knew that hers was the same face, grown older. I turned away, and again the spring was ruffled by the wind, and now I saw a maiden just blooming into early womanhood; her face was my face, mother, but changed—changed, because she had no sorrow—for her figure was not mine; she bore no burden."

Pearl paused for a moment, but no one spoke—just then no one else could speak. She went on—

"She was not alone, mother; a face that I saw very dimly was near her face, and a voice that I heard only too clearly speaking to her in whispers, and as I listened I could, in some way, distinguish falsehood from truth; there was little truth, mother, in what he said to her; he said she was very fair, and that was true; he said that he loved her so well, that he would sooner see her no more than bring trouble and sorrow upon her, and that was not true; but she believed it, that poor simple Pearl, who had been listening all her life to the praise of her own beauty. This, too, passed away, and I saw—but you will not want me to tell you this last sight; already it is only like a dream to me; a dream of all the wretchedness that foolish and credulous vanity can bring upon a woman's life. It was a frightful dream; let me forget it, for it can never have any reality."

"Because——," said her mother and her voice trembled so that she could say no more.

"Because," answered Pearl, filling up the pause, "that special token of fairy love that you sought for me interposed to save me from such a fate as this—because I have learnt many quiet lessons of wisdom and content in my home life—because I have been kept safe from vanity and temptation by——" she stopped and smiled.

They could not finish the sentence for her aloud, but in their hearts they repeated, "By the Burden."

Miscellaneous.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

Nothing can be more annoying to authors and publishers than errors of the press; and yet those who are unskilled in the artof printing can scarcely conceive the difficulty of avoiding them. The art of proof-reading with perfect accuracy is a high and difficult attainment. To arrive at ordinary accuracy in a daily newspaper, requires the reading and correction of at least two proofs; and even then an editor, who has not become case-hardened, by long practice and long endurance, will often be shocked at the transformation of sense into nonsense, or the plucking of the point out of the neatest paragraphs by a typographical error.

Typographical errors happen in a variety of ways; sometimes by carelessness, sometimes by the ignorance and stupidity of the printer, and sometimes by design. Occurring in either way, they are often ludicrous, and sometimes productive of positive evil. A few examples of each kind will suffice.

An edition of the Bible was once published in England, in which the word *not* was omitted in the eleventh commandment. For this offence, whether by carelessness or design, the archbishop imposed the heaviest penalty known in history. The edition was required to be called in and destroyed, and a fine imposed of £20,000 sterling.

There was a more severe punishment than even this awarded in Germany once, for wilful alteration of the sacred text. It seems that in Gen. iii. 16, the Hebrew word which has been rendered *husband* in the English translation, is *lord* in the German. It is the passage in which God tells Eve: "And thy deire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." The German word signifying lord is Herr; and in the same language the word Narr answers for fool. The case was this: A new edition of the Bible was printing at the house of a widow whose husband had been a printer. The spirited lady, not liking the subordinate station of her sex, and having acquired a little knowledge of the art, watched an opportunity by night to enter the office; and while the form was lying on the press, she carefully drew out the letters *H* and *e*, and inserting in their stead the letters *Na*. The outrage was not discovered in season, and the Bible went forth declaring that man should be the woman's fool. Such, probably is too often the case, but the gentleman would not like to see it in print. Gravely, however, the person committing such an offence must needs stand in awful apprehension of the fearful curse denounced in the conclusion of the Apocalypse.

An edition of the Catholic Missal was once published in France, in which the accidental subsitution merely of the *u* for *a*, was the cause of a shocking blunder, changing, as it did, the word *calotte*, (an ecclesiastical cap or mitre) into *culotte* which, as my readers are aware, means in drawingroom English, a gentleman's small clothes. The error occurred in one of the directions for conducting the service, where it is said: "Here the priest will take off his *culotte*!"

Among the errors that have occurred through design, was one which happened in the old Hudson Balance, when the Rev. Dr. Croswell was editor of that ancient and excellent journal. A merchant by the name of Peter Cole chanced to get married. Cole, however, was very unpopular, and was not one of the brightest intelligences even of those days. The bride, too, was a little more no than yes, in her intellectual furnishment. It used to be a common practice in the country, in sending marriages to the press, to tack on a bit of poetry in the shape of some sweet hymenial sentimentality. In compliance with this custom, the groomsman added a line or two from one of the poets, where the bard speaks of the marriage state, "when *heart* meets *heart* reciprocally soft." The wicked boys in the printing office, however, corrected the poet, making the stanza read thus:

'When *head* meets *head* reciprocally soft."

Another instance more ludicrous still, was the following: A lad in a printing office, who knew more about type setting than he did of the Greek mythology, in looking over a poem, they were printing, came upon the name of *Hecate*, one of the lady divinities of the lower world, occuring in a line like this:

"Shall reign the *Hecate* of the deepest hell."

The boy thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer, and enquired eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. "Why, no, you blockhead," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press room, and extracted the objectional letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher' when the poem appeared with the line:

"Shall reign the *He cat* of the deepest hell."

But let a form of types, arranged either for book or newspaper, be ever so correct when sent to press errors not unfrequently happen from yet another cause, viz: liability of now and then a letter to drop out, when the form has not been properly adjusted, or locked sufficiently tight in the iron frame which by printers is called a *chase*.

How important the loss of a single letter may become is seen by the following example: A printer putting to press a form of the Common Prayer, the *c* in the following passage dropped out unperceived by him: We shall all be *changed* in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshipper, the passage read: "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

But, after all, when it is considered of how many separate and minute pieces of metal a book form or the page of a newspaper is composed, the wonder is that errors of the press are not far more numerous than they are. A single page of one of our largest papers cannot contain less than 150,000 separate pieces of metal, each of which must be nicely adjusted in its own proper place, or errors and confusion will ensue.

OLD MAIDS.

Say what you will of old maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk and water creatures, whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipation of the ball room. Until the young heart of woman is capable of settling firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns.

A DUTCH MILLER.

Mynheer Van Sluken owns a grist mill, and Peter Snyder owns one also, near by. Old Mynheer Van Sluken was subject to fits of insanity, and when in one of these moods would assume that he was Supreme Judge, and would get upon his throne and call such persons as he had in his mind to judgment, and would ask and answer the questions himself. The questions would be put in a sharp, strong voice, and the answers were whining and meek. Having one of his crazy fits one day, he mounted his throne, and as there had been a little competition in the grist mill business, he took occasion to call Peter Snyder to his account so he calls out—

"Peter Snyder!"

No answer.

Again, very sharp.

"Peter Snyder!"

"Ah, Lord! here I ish! Vat you vant, Lord!"

"Do you own a grist mill?"

"Ah, yes, Lord, I does."

"Well, Peter Snyder, do you ever take too much toll?"

"Ah, yes, Lord, ven my vater was very low and my stones was very dull, I has taken too much toll."

"Vell, den, you may go to the left hand, mit de goats."

As he passed judgment on his neighbor he thought he might try himself.

"Mynheer Van Sluken."

No answer.

Very sharp:

"Mynheer Van Sluken."

"Ah, Lord, here I ish—vat you vant?"

"Do you own a grist mill?"

"Ah, yes, Lord, I does own a grist mill."

"Do you ever take too much toll, Mynheer Van Sluken?"

"Yes, Lord, sometimes I have taken too much toll."

"Vell, Mynheer Van Sluken, vat did you d mit dat toll?"

"Ah, Lord, I has given to the poor."

After a slight pause.

"Vell, den, you may go to the right hand, mit de sheep, but it's a *tight squeeze*."

LORENZO DOW'S LAST TRUMP.

One Sunday Dow was engaged to preach in the wood, near one of the towns in upper Georgia. He was famous for his out of door preaching. Meeting a little nigger with a tin horn as he was going into the place, he asked him if he could sound pretty loud.

The darkey grinned, and putting the horn to his mouth made the woods ring. "Now," said Lorenzo, "if you will go and climb to the top of that big pine tree close by the stand, and when you hear me say 'Gabriel,' blow as loud a blast as you can, I will give you this silver dollar." The darkey was mightily tickled at the prospect of getting the dollar, and readily agreed to the proposal. The meeting assembled shortly after, and a great multitude of people were present. Serious old men and their wives, wild boys and their sweethearts, almost all on horseback, sometimes by twos and threes, besides negroes from a great distance on foot, being readily captivrted by the natural eccentric, for they love anything that has a laugh attached to it, and they knew Lorenzo was good for a joke even if he did hit hard. Dow slected rather a brimstone text, and made the application as strong as possible, but it didn't make much impression. At length he began to describe the last great day and what would then be their condition. 'Suppose this were the day!' he exclamed, 'and suppose Gabriel should now blow his last trumpet.' At this moment the little negro showed that he was a trump, for from the top of the lofty pine, a loud and clamorous blast overwhelmed the audience. The women shrieked, and men arose in great supprise, the horses tied around the camp neighed, reared and kicked, while the terrified negroes changed their complexion to a deep purple color. Never was alarm, surprise and astonishment more promptly exhibited. Dow looked with grave but pleased attention upon the successful result of his experiment, until the first clamor had subsided, when he impressively remarked. 'And now my friends, if a little negro boy with a tin horn on the top of a pine bush can make you feel so, how will you feel when the last day comes in real earnest?'

THE VOLCANOES OF THE MOON PHOTOGRAPHED.

The largest reflecting telescope in America has recently been perfected by Dr. Henry Drape r after five years continued labor. It is of sixteen inch aperture, and thirteen feet focal length. With it a photographic picture of the moon has been taken on a scale of only seventy miles to the inch—showing distinctly the immence ranges of volcanic mountains, and in one place what are supposed to be streams of lava, extending over eight inches on the picture—equivilent to an actual extent of nearly six hundred miles of active volcanic operations. This indicates that our "silver moon" is not so calm and quiet a satellite as she appears to lovers and lunatics.

CLAIMS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES.

PENSIONS, BOUNTIES AND BACK PAY.

THE subscriber, being licensed by the United States, is prepared to procure Pensions, Bounties and Back Pay for Soldiers and Sailors, their widows and heirs.

Pensions for those disabled in the Army and Navy. Pensions for widows or children of soldiers who died in the service.

Pay and Bounty provided for widows or children of deceased persons of the Army or Navy; also for heirs of deceased and unmarried soldiers.

Approved claims cashed.

All claims against the United States Government will receive prompt attention.

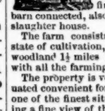
Application in person or by letter to

J. H. MANLEY, Augusta, Me.

Office No. 6, Darby Block—over Military Headquarters.

REFERENCES.—Hon. James G. Blaine, M. C., Hon. Wm. T. Johnson, Mayor of Augusta; Wm. R. Smith, Esq., Cashier State Bank; Messrs. Homan & Badger, Publishers Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Ju : 863. 26



FOR SALE.

The residence of the late JOHN HODGDON in Hallowell, consisting of a Cottage House, finished throughout with every convenience—barn connected, also workshop, carriage house, wood shed, and slaughter house.

The farm consists of about 26 acres of land, under a high state of cultivation, with 50 young fruit trees. Also 30 acres of woodland 1½ miles from the house, easy of access. Together with all the farming utensils and house furniture.

The property is very desirable for a sea-faring man, being situated convenient for either a stationary or coasting travel, and one of the finest situations on the Kennebec river, commanding a fine view of the river, the city of Hallowell, and of the State House, United States Arsenal, and all the public buildings at Augusta. The above property will be sold on favorable terms on application to

D. M. HODGDON, Boston,
A. D. KNIGHT, Hallowell.

Hallowell, April 8, 1863. 18tf

A DESIRABLE PLACE FOR SALE.

THE Farm now occupied by the subscriber, containing 20 acres, more or less, lying on the west side Kennebec River, in Augusta, nearly opposite Insane Hospital and in full view of same, within five minutes' walk of State House, is now offered for sale. Said farm is under a high state of cultivation, having cut the past year over 30 tons hay. The buildings are good and convenient—good house and wood shed, new stable, 30 by 40, good barn, with slaughter house attached, which furnishes an abundant supply of dressing. With a small expense, said farm could be made one of the handsomest places on Kennebec River. Nevertheless I am going to sell. Possession given immediately, if desired. Terms easy. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises.

A. G. LONGFELLOW.

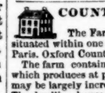
Augusta, June 8, 1863. 26tf

FARM FOR SALE.

A Good Farm on the Sea Shore,
In the town of Bristol, near Pemaquid Light House.

Said Farm contains about one hundred acres, about equally divided into mowing, tillage, pasturage and woodland. The fields and tillage land are about all walled in, and the dwelling house and barn is in good repair, and in a very good locality for taking boarders for four or five months in the year if desired. Terms, one third down, and the remainder from one to ten years in yearly payments. For further information, address the Post Master, Pemaquid, Me. OAKMAN FORD

Bristol, May 25, 1863. 24tf



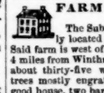
COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

The Farm owned by the late HON. R. K. GOODENOW, situated within one hundred rods of the County Buildings at Paris, Oxford County, Me., is offered for sale at a great bargain.

The farm contains 110 acres of land, of excellent quality, which produces at present about 30 tons of hay, and the amount may be largely increased. Fruit, wood and water are abundant. The dwelling-house and outbuildings are commodious and in good repair. The location is pleasant and healthy, offering a desirable country residence.

For particulars inquiry may be made on the premises; of Dr. W. A. RUST, South Paris, or WM. GOODENOW, Esq., Portland.

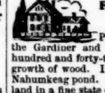
Paris, Sept 9, 1863. 40tf



FARM FOR SALE.

The Subscriber now offers his farm for sale, pleasantly located in the town of Readfield, Kennebec County. Said farm is west of the pond and 1½ miles from the village, and 4 miles from Winthrop village. It contains one hundred acres about thirty-five woodland, and about three hundred apple trees mostly engrafted with choice varieties. The farm has a good house, two barns and stable in good repair. One hundred acres near by will be sold with the farm if wanted. The whole or a part will be sold at a bargain if applied for within sixty days. For further particulars apply to the subscriber on the premises. J. S. GRAVES.

Readfield, Sept. 28, 1863. 2m43



FARM FOR SALE.

A large and convenient farm, situated in Pittston on the river road, three miles below the Gardiner and Pittston Bridge. Said farm contains one hundred and forty-three acres—excellent pastures and a young growth of wood. It extends from the Kennebec river to the Nahumkeag pond. The buildings are in a good condition, the land in a fine state of cultivation, and in every way a desirable farm. It is to be sold to close the estate. For further particulars apply to Mrs. R. W. NICHOLS, on the premises, or to

JOSEPH BRADSTREET, Gardiner.

Gardiner, Sept. 1, 1863. 3m39

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL,

A superior embrocation for Rheumatism, Chilblains, Sprains, Bruises, Lame Back, Piles, Sore Nipples, &c., for sale by

17 EBEN FULLER.

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION OF JAMES W. JEDKINS, Administrator on the estate of James G. Jedkins, late of Monmouth, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of two hundred dollars; that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in Monmouth, and described as follows: Four acres of meadow land, bought of Leander